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ALTHOUGH factional intrigue may have played some part in the fall of the Painlevé government, it was not the decisive factor. The government has been weak from the start because it has not been actively supported by the Socialists, and the withdrawal of Socialist support was the symptom of a growing difference of opinion in France, not in reference to the absolute duty of national defense, but in reference to the best method of waging and winning the war and achieving a satisfactory peace. The discussions in France at this critical moment in the fortunes of the anti-German coalition are the reflections of underlying dissensions between and among the Allied nations as to the nature of their positive political program, and the kind of military and diplomatic policy which is needed to assure the triumph of their cause. The "particularism," to which Lloyd George called attention is at bottom political rather than military, and it cannot be cured merely by military reorganization. It is associated in all the Allied countries with the illiberalism rather than liberalism in domestic politics. It must be overcome by acceptance of the liberal point of view and program as the future basis of unity both within the several Allied nations and among them. Such an acceptance would constitute the real assurance of "la victoire integrale."

WHATEVER the outcome of the existing struggle between the extreme and the moderate parties for the ostensible opportunity of governing Russia, Americans, in passing judgment on the situation, would do well to cleave to the following broad general considerations: (1) The Russian revolution constitutes by far the greatest net gain which the war has bestowed upon western civilization. (2) It is developing along lines different from those of previous revolutions, partly because of the different psychology of the Russian people, partly because of the peculiar circumstances of their relation to the present war, partly because their sources of moral action are religious and social rather than political. (3) It will be of immense future benefit to the world if the development of the Russian democracy can be safeguarded against outside interference and is allowed to work itself out according to its own inner needs and impulses. (4) In any event, the Russian army will not count again as an important factor in the balance of military force during the present war. The existing civil struggle and the coming on of winter may cause it to fade away during the next few months. (5) But as long as the revolution survives, it would be disastrous for the allies of Russia to dismiss the Russians impatiently from their calculations because of their temporary military negligibility. In the long run, the Russian revolution will not be the accomplice of the German autocracy, but its deadliest enemy. (6) No Russian revolutionary party, whether maximalist or minimalist, will make a separate peace with the existing German government, in spite of the fact that the salvation of the republic may depend upon an early peace. (7) The one chance of a separate peace hangs on the triumph of reaction in Russia. A reactionary dictatorship, no matter how much it pretended to be a "constitutional" monarchy, could not survive

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except in alliance with the German autocracy in hostility to the democracies of the west. It would need peace, not as the revolution does, to organize domestic development, but to prepare for future violence at home or abroad. (8) In word, thought and deed Americans should, consequently, be loyal to the Russian revolution. They should be sympathetic with its difficulties, tender with its infirmities, patient with its confusion and apparent indecision, firm and discriminating in its support. The future peace of the world depends not only on uncompromising resistance to German militarism, but on the establishment of a basis for future coöperation between the Russian republic and the Anglo-American democracy.

PRESIDENT WILSON testifies that it is a good thing for him to get away from Washington, to get nearer to the rest of the country. It is also good for the rest of the country. Not for many weeks has the average citizen had so clear a view of the President's thoughts and intentions as he may now gain through the President's speech at Buffalo. As an announcement of war policy, it stands for the best convictions of the American people. President and people desire peace, but neither President nor people want peace that would leave an unregenerated German autocracy masters of half the world and a perpetual menace to the other half. As a commentary upon the rights and wrongs of labor and capital the President's speech likewise must command the approval of the American democracy. Production must not be blocked. "Nobody has a right to stop the processes of labor until all the methods of conciliation and settlement have been exhausted." It is made perfectly clear that the dictum applies equally to labor and capital. The President's expression of antipathy for unlawful violence and of his contempt for men who employ it even against those whose principles and practice are abhorrent to all good citizens can not fail to exert a wholesome influence upon American public opinion. Our case is not so weak before our own conscience that we need the services of ruffians to put down those who question it.

LABOR'S principles of peace, as formulated by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, are worth the acceptance of everyone. They include a combination of the free peoples in a common covenant to secure justice and peace among nations; a rejection of any policy of economic strangulation after the war; a repudiation of reprisals or indemnities except to right manifest wrongs; a recognition of the rights of small nations and of the principle that "no people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live"; and an acceptance of the principle that "no territorial changes or adjustment of power shall be made except in furtherance of the welfare of the peoples affected and in furtherance of world peace." The principles are flexible enough to provide for the rehabilitation of Belgium and the restoration of property wantonly destroyed in France, without approving the project, now becoming obsolete, of saddling overwhelming indemnities upon a defeated Germany. They are flexible enough to admit a regenerated and democratized Germany to the combination of free peoples while repelling any suggestion that Germany, even if autocratically governed, might after the war be admitted to any league of nations. They are entirely free from the utopian military view that all that is required to restore peace on earth is the defeat and dismemberment of Germany. There is nothing in them to which the honestly liberal elements of all countries, including Germany, could not afford to subscribe.

IT has been suggested that the President's trip to Buffalo had as one of its objects to make certain that Mr. Gompers would not lose his place at the head of the American Federation of Labor. It is not likely, however, that Mr. Gompers felt the need of such assistance. The radicals in the Federation who have always wanted new leadership are no better organized to secure it now than they have been in other recent conventions. There seems to be no wish for revolt in the great internationals which, among a hundred and twelve unions, control more than half the voting strength of the Federation. If these internationals show dissatisfaction it is not with Mr. Gompers as a conservative but with early developments in the new war-time intimacy between labor and the government. Certain union leaders believe that labor appointments to government war boards are being left too exclusively in the hands of the Federation's central office. But whatever moves had been planned to assert the prerogatives of the individual unions now seem forestalled by the President's expression of confidence in Mr. Gompers and his intimation of the "new instrumentalities" by which labor's coöperation will be secured in the future. A result of the President's trip to Buffalo will be to make unlikely any public expression of disapproval with Mr. Gompers's management of the war at home.

WHETHER the Buffalo convention will have any effect on labor's policy abroad is not yet clear. Until the convention ends next week the liberals in the Federation will work to bring American labor closer to the position of the English

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and French unions and closer to the position Mr. Gompers held before this country went into the war. Mr. Gompers and the executive council have declared in their annual report that "no element in all nations is more concerned in the achievement of conditions making for permanent peace than the working people who constitute the majority of every nation." What the liberals point out is that the working people will have little to do with the establishment of permanent peace unless they begin to inform themselves as to what its necessary conditions involve. They propose, accordingly, the immediate creation of a committee to confer with English and French labor and to be a first step in the unification of Allied war aims among the working men and women. In working for these ends the liberals will be meeting the conventional hostility to anything which attempts to accomplish war aims by political means in addition to the manipulation of armies.

YOU are a woman and an anti-suffragist. You hope and pray that the federal amendment will fail and that no more states will give women the vote. You hope and pray for these things because you have noticed, as Annie Nathan Meyer has noticed, "the pacifism and socialism of the rank and file of the suffragists," and because you abhor and distrust and fear socialism and pacifism. What ought you to do with your vote? Ought you, by casting it against socialism and pacifism, to "mitigate the folly of woman suffrage"? You might think that a good thing to do, but Mrs. Meyer says it isn't. She tells you why in a letter to the New York Times: "By having a city or a state where women vote go overwhelmingly pacifist or socialist, the conservative woman who refrains from voting can help to warn the other states which are still to be saved." "I most solemnly say, with full understanding of all it implies," Mrs. Meyer adds, "that the duty at this moment of the convinced anti-suffragist . . . is to refrain from voting and at least for the moment to show up the woman's vote in its true colors." The worst that has ever been said by any anti-suffragist against the suffragists was that in a time like this they put their special interest above the general interest. Nobody could discover where the anti-suffragists got the raw material for this charge. Mrs. Meyer's letter suggests that they got it by introspection.

"CONSCRIPTION of labor" is a phrase we should hear far less frequently if those who propose it understood all its implications. We need labor, efficient, willing labor, if we are to achieve our ends in the war. Forced labor has never in the history of the world been efficient. The ancient Romans, even with their frequent resort to crucification and the modern Germans with their resort to starvation, the lash, and military executions, have alike proven incompetent to win satisfactory results from unwilling labor except in the rudest and most laborious tasks. Most southerners now agree that the free negro is worth so much more than the slave would have been that emancipation was really an economic boon to the South, compensating in part at least the universal waste and destruction of the Civil War. What slightest reason have we for supposing that a return to compulsory labor, even in war time, would not mean a return to the slackness, slowness and malicious destruction that have always characterized the system? We have not enough farm hands, but what we have work energetically. Add to their numbers through conscription, bind the existing body to their work by law or by threat of service in the army, and there will be very grave danger that we shall prove unable to feed ourselves and our allies. Our farms can not compete for labor against the munitions works, it is said, unless we pay for farm products at unheard of rates. In that case, if we must have the farm products and will not raise the price we had better meet part of the cost of farm labor through public appropriations than endanger our whole economic system through coquetting with the inefficient means of compulsion.

IN the course of time the women voters of New York must be expected to enroll in the regular parties, to participate in primary elections and in the whole range of preliminary party activities. Political rights are of limited value to those who confine themselves to a final choice between candidates and policies. The contribution of women is needed in the elaboration of the policies between which a choice is to be made, in the selection of the candidates who are to bear the party standards. But it would be unfortunate if the majority of women voters were to proceed at once to form their party affiliations. This would be to distribute themselves among existing organizations according to the law of chance. A preliminary period of independence is needed for full consideration of the claims of the several parties to the support of new voters. And in this period it is highly desirable that the organization that won the suffrage should be maintained. Women will not have got all there is to get out of political emancipation until they have instructed themselves as far as is practicable in the use of the vote. They can best instruct themselves through their own organization. This is not to countenance the formation of a permanent women's

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party, designed specially to look after the interests of women. The whole suffrage movement is a negation of the relevancy of sex as a basis of political institutions.

HOOVER'S method of regulating the price of food is based upon principles that were unknown to government regulation prior to the great war. All earlier price regulation, from the age of Pericles to the age of Carranza, relied chiefly upon direct control of the retail dealer by law or ordinance. Commonly maximum prices were set, which the retailer was forbidden to exceed under heavy pains and penalties. What always happened was that the violations were so general and so frequent that the authorities had to wink at them or accept the burden of jails filled to overflowing. The consumer, confronted with the alternative of paying unlawful prices or going without supplies, submitted to exactions and as a rule said nothing. Often indeed it was a physical impossibility for the retailer to comply with the law, since the maximum prices were less than wholesale and manufacturers' prices. Hoover is proceeding from the other end of the food series. He regulates manufacturers' prices through licenses, making sure in the prices he fixes that while profiteering is kept down, legitimate costs are met. He regulates next the wholesaler, and the occasional large retailer. Of the multitudes of petty dealers that were the despair of old-time regulators, he takes no direct cognizance. Only, if they will charge excessive prices, they shall get no supplies from wholesaler or manufacturer. Whence comes this new wisdom in price regulation? Out of the books of the corporations. By similar methods great manufacturing and trading corporations have in recent years managed to regulate the prices charged by retailers. It is an effective method. The object of the corporations was to keep prices up, that of Mr. Hoover to keep prices down. That is the sole and sufficient difference.

The New Paris Conference

NO action of the American government during the war has been received with more general approval than the dispatch to Paris of an able and many-sided American Commission to participate in the inter-Allied conference. It satisfies the practically unanimous demand of pro-war Americans for effective representation in political and military counsels of the anti-German coalition. The administration has not participated in previous conferences, because it wished to avoid the suspicion of entering into political engagements in Europe which would have to be assumed without consultation with Congress and the country, and because it wished to preserve its independence of political action. But such scruples obviously were a worthless bequest from the older American foreign policy which confused independence with isolation. They were only an embarrassment to a nation which was coöperating with the democracies of Europe in one of the most stupendous military and political enterprises in history. Under such conditions the way to vindicate American independence, to demonstrate the value of the political and military contribution which the American nation proposed to make to the common cause, was to seek rather than refuse active and continued participation in the council of the Allies. Otherwise the American government would in effect be placing American military, naval and economic resources at the disposal of its associates without being completely informed as to the manner and the effect of their use. It would be shirking the only loyal and workable method of bringing about an adjustment between its own policy, if it had a policy, and that of its associates. The presence of Colonel House and his assistants in Paris means the final substitution of American diplomatic positivism for American diplomatic nihilism.

The vicissitudes of the war have made the decision to participate in the new Paris conference particularly expedient. It assembles at a critical moment in the affairs of the anti-German coalition. The common cause has recently suffered some grievous reverses for which, like the majority of earlier set-backs, preventable causes are chiefly responsible. The all-important preliminary work of the conference will be that of tracing this bad management to its source and of planning to obtain in the future better coöperation and more favorable results. Such is the task outlined in the statement of Secretary Lansing which describes it as that of considering ways and means of bringing the war to a successful conclusion.

Secretary Lansing's description of the object of the conference has, however, received a narrow, and we feel sure, a false interpretation. The successful prosecution of the war demands, so it has been often repeated, one line of vigorous action and one line of scrupulous inaction. It demands a frank discussion of the problem of putting the economic military resources of the Allies to the most effective joint use, and it demands no less inexorably the avoidance of any attempt to discuss political differences and to reach greater unity of political purpose. The Paris conference will deal only with the business of beating the armies of the enemy and this business necessarily excludes the attempt to associate with the common military and economic

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policy a common political policy. Such an interpretation, it should be added, has been in part, but only in part, confirmed by descriptions of the scope and object of the meeting, which have been published in Europe. Three weeks ago Lloyd George in a speech, never reported in this country, referred to it as " the most important international conference ever held, a military and political conference." " Some of the greatest, some of the most prominent statesmen of all the Allied countries will be there, and some of their most distinguished soldiers. The decisions taken will affect the whole course of the war and may very well determine its ultimate issue." On the other hand both Bonar Law and Robert Cecil in statements which were cabled to this country have since denied anything but a military significance to the inter-Allied deliberations in Paris.

In spite of the denials of the British cabinet ministers we feel sure that the Paris conference as part of its business of organizing victory will find it necessary to discuss political as well as military questions. The participation in its deliberations of statesmen such as Colonel House testifies to the truth of Lloyd George's original description. The Allied governments may not wish to advertise or publish the results of their political deliberations, but, as we pointed out last week, they cannot arrange for more effective inter-Allied military coöperation without also arranging for more effective inter-Allied political coöperation. Human ingenuity could not devise a more infallible method of losing a war such as the one in which the Allies are now engaged than that of divorcing military from political strategy. Neither could the most malignant German aim at the Allied cause a more damaging disparagement than that which is now being complacently accepted by its most headstrong friends —the assumption that the military success of the Allies hinges upon scrupulous political obscurantism and the suppression of frank consideration of their existing differences of political policy.

Surely the events of the past few weeks have supplied a final confirmation to the view so insistently urged in The New Republic. The present war can be won best by the use of political as well as military and economic weapons. The German General Staff has become a political quite as much as a military machine. The bad management and the " particularism " of its adversaries is enabling it to win political no less than military victories. The Bolsheviki insurrection in Russia was a German political victory, for which the attitude of certain of the western Powers towards Kerensky and towards the Russian demand for a more definite inter-Allied political program was partially responsible. The Italian disaster was a political no less than a military defeat, which was brought about in some measure by disaffection among the Italian troops. Such reverses cannot be prevented by organizing military coöperation, by the denunciation of German propaganda and by the attempt to avoid all frank inter-Allied political discussion. The German peace propaganda is appealing to the war-weariness which is spreading rapidly among the European peoples. If it is to be successfully neutralized an effective unified counter-propaganda must be launched.

Hitherto the political propaganda of the Allied governments has been as " particularist " as their military policy. Their publicity departments have not been devoted to sowing dissensions among the Germans and Austrians or in encouraging popular revolt in Central Europe or in outlining a political program which was an expression of the common interests, but in promoting their own special political objects. It has been occupied chiefly in trying to persuade American or some other public opinion to support the special French, Italian or Serbian claim to additional population and territory. The common cause and the common program, the common need of dividing the enemy and consolidating inter-Allied unity has been sacrificed to the promotion of the special and sometimes exclusive political objects of the several members of the coalition.

It is in dealing with this situation that the American government has the most promising opportunity of inserting its particular contribution to the winning of the war. Broadly speaking, America must be content to allow its allies to dictate the military and naval policy of the coalition. It should be willing to place at their disposal its available economic and military forces. They have the experience and the war is being fought on European territory and in European waters. But in deciding matters of political policy it has a point of view of its own to assert, and the assertion of its interests will strengthen the political position of the whole coalition. Alone among the members thereof it is peculiarly preoccupied with that part of the program which is of common concern; and it can assume, consequently, in reference to the special objects of the Powers the attitude of mediator and reconciler—and if necessary of opponent. It can help to organize political unity and convert it into an offensive weapon. President Wilson has already outlined an international program and developed out of it in his answer to the Pope an aggressive diplomatic policy which can be used to stimulate dissension and popular dissatisfaction in Central Europe and the power of moral endurance among the Allied people. Just because, consequently, the American representatives in Paris have been sent there, as the President said at Buffalo, to help win the war, they are bound to raise political ques-

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tions, to try and place unity of political purpose behind unity of military command, to supplement the inter-Allied military offensive with an inter-Allied political offensive, and to build political coöperation among the Allies on so sound a foundation that it can defy German intrigue both before and during the Peace Conference.

Unity of Command

ON the day the Germans and Austrians drove Cadorna's army back to the Tagliamento, somebody called up Secretary McAdoo on the long-distance telephone—he was temporarily outside of Washington—and secured authorization for an immediate loan of $230,000,000 to Italy. On the same day the War Trade Board granted to Italy the right to export immediately whatever she needed. Tonnage to transport it was allotted to her—tonnage which had previously been allotted to France to help carry abroad that million tons of French raw material piled on American docks. The news of this assistance, cabled to Rome, is said to have aided in maintaining Italian morale. It satisfied our demand that something be done. Yet it can hardly result in any military help at the front before the first of December. It can do little to assuage the disappointment of the Italian representatives in this country who for months have requested in vain a priority for their materials. And if before December first the Italians, with British and French help, have stemmed the enemy invasion, and the heat of battle has returned to the western front, the British and French armies may suffer for the lack of the supplies formerly destined for them, and suddenly diverted to other uses as the result of a telephone conversation with no greater strategic authority than the Secretary of the Treasury.

The sudden grant to Italy of assistance for which her representatives in this country have long been asking can be construed as an implicit condemnation of the previous refusal, but such an inference is not justified. The American Government has been guessing. It has to take decisions without being possessed of all the information on which a wise decision should be based. In the case of both the refusal and the compliance it may or may not have been advisable to grant priority to the Italian demands. There were not and are not ships enough and munitions enough to furnish all the Allies a clear supremacy on all fronts at the same time over any possible attack. If the invasion of Italy is stopped, it may be stopped because the French and British have such a superiority on the western front that they are able by counter-demonstrations to divert a sufficient number of German divisions. Even though the Italians had been given the priority, the German attack might have been made, with appreciable results and more serious political consequences, somewhere on the French line. These are all speculations, and speculations do not count for much in war, especially after the event. The essential fact is that no single strategic authority dictated the policy adopted. It was the result of a competition of wills. Great Britain, France, Italy and our own army have all been presenting without regulation or reserve their maximum claims upon our young and overstrained organ of war production. We have listened, in our eagerness to do everything at once, first to one and then to another. We have not been able to satisfy any. The decisions have been reached in detail by subordinate officials, and for fluctuating reasons, rather than as a whole by a central strategic authority whose business is to plan effective warfare against the Central Powers. The German general staff has but to watch our clumsy attempt at satisfying the conflicting maximum demands of all the Allies, to pick out the weak place and the favorable moment, and then to strike suddenly and successfully. That is what the German general staff has been doing ever since the beginning of the war, and that is what it will continue to do.

There is one all-important matter of drifting policy which Hindenburg must be closely watching, and which may give him a suggestion for his winter and spring campaigns. Since it is publicly discussed by so reverberating a person as an ex-President, there can be no violation of war secrecy in referring to it. How large an army shall we raise and send to France? If a strategist were deciding the question, he would doubtless discover first how much the British, French and Italian armies will be able to do before an American force in the field can be made effective. He would then ascertain how large a supply of munitions and food from America they would need to reach their maximum efficiency. He would subtract the tonnage needed to transport these supplies from the tonnage available for military use in the given time, and subtract the necessary supplies from the supplies we could produce in the given time. The result would determine the size of the expeditionary force and the speed with which it must be raised, trained, equipped and transported. It is a complicated calculation of resources as compared to demands. It requires for its solution not patriotism as opposed to pacifism, but information, sound judgment and a coördinated policy as opposed to bluster and politics. Yet no strategic authority has, apparently, been created to deal with this matter. The French, who were the first to appeal for American soldiers, have now for a

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long time been complaining of the lack of tonnage to transport raw materials for their own munitions, and they have not secured even approximate satisfaction without appealing to publicity. The British do not seem to like the way in which our army's demands are interfering with the manufacture of their war supplies.

The prospect of such conflicts was foreseen before we entered the war. Someone even suggested a dark design on the part of Germany to provoke us into hostility for the very purpose of bringing about this complication. The President, in his war speech to Congress, declared in favor of giving to the Allies all needed priority. Yet the American Priority Committee, because it could not base its decision on a general policy mapped out in advance by a central Allied command, has fallen into the practice of giving A1 certificates to the orders of our army and navy, and A2 certificates to the orders of our Allies. In many cases this practice may be justified, but is it justified in all? And our vigorous ex-President, admitting the uneasiness on the part of the British and French, publicly approves the policy on sentimental grounds. If Hindenburg, next January or February, should select for attacking the western front a moment when the British and French are insufficiently supplied and the American army is still insufficiently provided with training and equipment, somebody may again get Secretary McAdoo on the telephone and arrange for immediate priority for our Allies. But then it might be too late.

This confusion is expressive of some radical maladjustment which can perhaps be best disentangled by analyzing the highly significant attitude of our own government. Why has it insisted on an American army, as powerful as possible, serving as a unit under an American general? Why did it refuse, and rightly, to let this army serve under British or French command? Why are American soldiers now in France rather than in Italy or Macedonia? Why has war not been declared against Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey? It is, fundamentally, because there is a distinction between American aims in the war and the aims of some of our associates, because the government wishes to retain independence of political action until it has some assurance of unity of political purpose. Was not the recent behavior of America, England and France in response to Italian requests for stronger support due in great measure to the disquietude of all three about Italian aims in the Adriatic? Will France ever delegate command of her armies to any inter-Allied authority as long as her chief war aim is the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine? Unless the Germans and Austrians are by way of being completely crushed, will Italy put her armies under a control which might use them for the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine or even of Belgium before throwing them towards Trieste? The Allies have separate aims, all of which cannot be attained unless Germany is decisively defeated. But the job of defeating her seems to be seriously handicapped by the fact that these separate aims are themselves the obstacles which make impossible a genuinely unified command. This is the fundamental weakness of the coalition.

This weakness, will not, we believe, be wholly remedied by the new machinery for obtaining unity of command which has recently been set up in Paris. The accounts which have been cabled to this country about the constitution of the " war council " are meagre, and they cannot be described as wholly reassuring. They have organized a method of obtaining " common counsel " on military affairs but hardly unity of command. France, Great Britain and Italy have agreed to participate in a permanent Inter-Allied Council, the French representative to which will be General Foch and the English representative General Wilson, but apparently this Council will not issue orders for the disposition of the troops and their manoeuvers. Actual command will still be vested in the General Staff of the several armies and the new council will provide a means of joint consultation rather than a single military authority. It will be a Council of War rather than a General Staff, and councils of war are notoriously poor fighters. But this is not all. The military section of the council will be supplemented by a political section composed of two Ministers from each country, one of them the Prime Minister, which will assemble twice a month in Paris and pass on the military decisions. Such a provision for ultimate political control is, of course, only the proper and necessary result of the democratic institution of the several Allied countries, but does it not bring the arrangements for unity of command back to where they started? Does it not necessitate a further attempt to base unity of military policy on unity of political purpose? For if the Prime Ministers of the Allied countries fail to agree upon their political objects they will fail to agree upon military plans, which according to the very nature of the case must tend to promote one rather than another political object. The Allies can no longer count upon a superiority of men, transports and supplies sufficient to enable all the different fronts and the political ambitions associated with them to take care of themselves. Unity of command involves a frugal economy of decision, the selection of one policy and one front rather than another and a joint understanding as to the result, which a victory obtained upon any one front would exert on the whole array of Allied political objectives.

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Votes for Women by Federal Amendment

WOMEN'S suffrage was won in New York by hard work. The Socialists may make the most of the fact that the great majority for suffrage in New York coincided with an unprecedented Socialist vote. The irreconcilable and splenetic anti-suffragist may point a bony finger of horror to the same coincidence. But any fair minded observer, whether a supporter of suffrage or an opponent of it, knows that socialism had nothing to do with the suffrage victory. Another easy hypothesis is that the war produced a change in public sentiment favorable to suffrage. Possibly there were men who had been shaken out of their routine habits of thought by the war, and were therefore more ready to entertain new ideas. But there were also men who felt that now of all times the political monopoly of the fighting male should remain unchallenged.

Nobody, not even the suffrage leaders themselves, dreamed that conditions in New York in 1917 would be especially favorable to them. They set out to win by the hardest kind of work, through the most systematic organization ever employed by a body of citizens seeking the franchise. Their task was to reach practically the whole electorate, and see that no voter escaped without being forced to give the arguments for suffrage at least momentary attention. Their enemies were ignorance, apathy, traditionalism and the tendency toward negation that these generate. Let the voters argue the matter, instead of dismissing it without reflection, and the case for suffrage is won, except in backwater communities from which the good blood has been drained by migration to richer environments.

The plain lesson from the New York victory is that woman suffrage can carry any state in the North and West, with the possible exception of a few in which the backwater, negative element is predominant. In the East it has carried the most conservative state, the state with the greatest concentration of interests that feared it. In the far West it carried California—also through systematic organization—against the desperate opposition of similar interests. As a principle universal suffrage has proven itself irresistible. There is no counter-principle to oppose it. Its final triumph can be delayed only through inertia.

Since such is the situation, must we contemplate the infinite labor of proceeding to win suffrage state by state through an organization extensive enough to reach and educate all the individual voters? Suffrage is coming, as even the most reactionary must see; must we humor them to the extent of accepting the most laborious, the most tedious method of realizing the inevitable end? Political irresolution could not be better exemplified than in such a policy. The only rational course for those who believe in the suffrage for all-real democracy—is to concentrate their efforts upon securing the submission to the states of a constitutional amendment enfranchising all American women on equal terms with men.

It is a course against which even the most convinced opponents of women's suffrage can make no reasonable protest. Such an amendment would require the favorable action of three-fourths of the state legislatures, less than one-third of which are now elected under suffrage laws not discriminating against women. What ground is there for supposing that the opponents of suffrage will not have every fair opportunity to block the suffrage amendment in the legislatures? There is some silly talk about the inability of the legislators to resist feminine blandishments. As if the anti-suffragists had not at their command abundant feminine blandishments to counteract any appeal of the suffragists not founded in common sense and common justice. The suffragists can win before the legislatures; on this point they agree with their opponents. They can win, because they can force the legislators to entertain their case, just as they win by a popular vote when they are well enough organized to force all the voters to entertain their case.

But the suffrage qualifications are properly a matter for state determination, we hear it said. By virtue of what principle of political science or common sense? The most vital political problems of the United States are national. Whether Texas, for example, is a democracy or a political oligarchy is not a matter that concerns Texas alone, or even chiefly. It concerns the whole country, whose policies will be drawn in the direction of democracy or in that of oligarchy by influences originating in the Texan system. It concerns the whole country when a fraction of the male population of any state, calling themselves the community, refuse the vote to women. The qualifications for the national electorate should in common sense be determined nationally.

Federal regulation of the suffrage is nothing new in our constitutional history. There can be no doubt that the framers of the original constitution anticipated a far greater autonomous vigor in state politics than we can now conceive of. Nevertheless they did not leave it to the states to determine arbitrarily by what fraction of the electorate members of Congress should be chosen. The qualifications for congressional elections were made the same as those for elections to the most numerous branch of the state legislature. The power was also reserved to Congress to alter the times, places and manner of holding elections for Representa-

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tives. Thus the national interest in state elections, so far as it was then understood, was placed under national safeguards. By the fifteenth amendment, prohibiting the abridgment by nation or state of the right to vote on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude, the federal control of suffrage was extended to state affairs. The recent amendment taking Senatorial elections out of the hands of the legislatures is another indication of the trend toward recognition of the national interest in elections. The argument that woman suffrage is something so inherently local in its character that any state should be free to deny it, even after it has advanced to the point where it can overcome the multiplex obstacles to constitutional amendment, is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. What we are demanding is not that women be given equal rights with men in the decision of obscure local matters. We are demanding that in all matters of national concern, which now necessarily include state government and local government in so far as it is an integral part of national politics, the women of Maine or Michigan or Alabama shall have a voice as well as the women of New York and California and Washington.

The Economic Weapon

IN the steadily increasing scope of the Italian disaster and in the probability of civil war in Russia the cause of the Allies has suffered two reverses, the importance of which it would be foolhardy to underestimate. This combined political and military defeat will provide the German autocracy with the vindication of increasing success and it will weaken the position of their socialist and liberal opponents. The chance, consequently, of any improvement in the political control over Germany which will permit the beginning of peace negotiations, has been impaired and postponed, and the alternative to such negotiations, which consists in making every preparation to fight on until the German autocracy will admit its own defeat, must be accepted without flinching. During the coming winter the American nation, which alone among the Allies is capable of increasing the energy, scope and the efficiency of its military and economic war against Germany, must consider carefully how much more it can contribute to the defeat of German aggression. The crisis undoubtedly demands greater sacrifices—sacrifices which will strain to the limit American resources, wrench to pieces our inherited economic and social practices and institutions, and test as never before the moral endurance and the political good faith of the individual American citizen.

Grave as the situation undoubtedly is, however, it has a less discouraging aspect, to which during the prevailing gloom insufficient attention is being paid. The Germans themselves fully realize the limited value of a successful offensive against Italy and the impossibility of negotiating a separate peace with any but an autocratic Russian government. By means of political and military successes of this kind they can prolong the war, they can embarrass the efforts of the allied armies to drive them out of France, they may even double the price which their enemies will have to pay for a military decision, but they cannot themselves win the war. The submarine has been for some time their only possible weapon of victory and it has almost certainly failed. Its use imposes a heavy burden upon the resources of the Allies, but it is a burden which is likely to diminish and which they are for the present capable of bearing. With the submarine menace brought under control the vital current of economic communication between the European Allies and their sources of indispensable supply in America, Asia and Africa will be kept flowing in undiminished and even increasing volume. The United States entered the war primarily to protect the maritime communications of the anti-German coalition, and as long as it succeeds in keeping these communications open and in using them to supply western Europe with the means of continuing the fight against Germany, the German government cannot hope to impose upon its adversaries a peace with victory.

Intelligent Germans fully understand the serious consequences to themselves of the change in the balance of economic power which took place when America entered the war. They realize how far the consequent concentration of economic power in the hands of their enemies not only neutralizes their own victories, but confers upon the Allies, if not the substitute for a military decision, at least an alternative to it. General von Freytag-Loringhoven, who was Quartermaster General in the field at the beginning of the war, is reported in the Frankfurter Zeitung to have made the following admission: "The power of a radical decision of a world-war has slipped away from the armies and military strategy is conditioned by the world economic situation." Because of her unfavorable economic position as compared to that of her enemies "victories which would once have been absolutely decisive and the conquest of whole kingdoms have not brought Germany nearer to peace." While high German military authorities admit the inefficacy of apparently decisive victories to produce their usual political results, equally eminent economic authorities, such as Naumann and Dr. Dernburg, testify to the effective means of exercising pressure on Germany, which the concentration of economic and

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financial power in the hands of the western Allies brings with it. The realization of the way in which this power can be used after the war to the injury, perhaps to the ruin, of Germany causes German statesmen more apprehension than the combined military power of all their enemies. In every new peace proposal the demands for the outlawing of any future economic discrimination against Germany becomes increasingly conspicuous. As a writer in New Europe points out, "The intervention of the United States explains why the economic issue is so much more prominent in the peace offer of July, 1917, than in that of December, 1916."

In so far as the war is prolonged the economic issue grows in importance and the economic weapon in potential power. Modern fighting involves a destruction of raw materials unprecedented in the world's history. A condition of famine is coming into existence during the war which is compelling the anxious and careful husbanding of existing sources of supply. Every additional week of warfare will intensify the shortage. When peace comes no nation can recuperate unless it has access to the raw materials which its own soil and that of its abutting friends is incapable of producing. Germany is most unfavorably situated in this respect. She is lacking at present in anything like an adequate supply of "cotton, wool, silk, leather and jute, of animal and vegetable fats, of lubricating oil, of tea, coffee and cocoa, of copper, tin, nickel and other even more indispensable metals." She cannot replenish these supplies without the consent of her adversaries. Until she does replenish them she will not be able even to demobilize her armies and return her soldiers to civil life. She will be dependent upon her present enemies for rations, without which the normal process of industry cannot be resumed, without which her people will be famished, her growth stunted, and her existence reduced to a squalid hunt for mere animal necessities. There is no way in which she can escape from her really awful predicament, except as the result of a separate peace with Russia, and even such a peace would only bring with it a partial escape. Russia cannot supply Germany either with the raw materials or the markets which are necessary for the future economic prosperity of the German people. She needs for her recuperation the aid of Great Britain and the United States, the essentially maritime powers, and until that aid is extorted or promised all her military victories cannot remove the real danger to her future prosperity.

This economic weapon, powerful as it is, suffers, however, from one handicap. It can be used to neutralize German victory but it cannot be used any more effectively than it is now being used to compel the Germans to stop fighting. Whatever the ultimate effect of the blockade, they possess apparently all the supplies which they need for the present to equip and to provide sufficient subsistence for their civil and military population. The economic weapon must in the case of Germany work in part through a grinding process of attrition, in part through a quickening among Germans of the desire for peace and in part through an increase of their fear of the inevitable economic penalties of prolonging hostilities. It will gradually persuade them to pay a higher price for the opportunity of negotiating; and in the end this price can be raised to any reasonable figure—any figure, that is, which does not deprive them subsequently of the essentials of national security and growth.

But it will take a long time to subdue the German ruling class to a sufficiently accommodating state of mind; and during this interval the German government will not acquiesce patiently in the consummation of its own defeat. Any weapon which works by attrition is double-edged, and tests the endurance both of its agents and its victims. The German peace offensive is the retort of the German government to the attempt of its enemies slowly to starve or scare it into submission. That offensive has undoubtedly become a really dangerous threat to the success of the Allies in accomplishing their ends; and it must be answered with more effective measures than words of defiance and deeds of domestic coercion. Now that the military prospects of the Allies have changed for the worse, now that they must place greater dependence for success on the slow but inexorable operation of their superiority in economic power they, like the Germans, must strive above all to strengthen their power of endurance by the cultivation of unity of moral and political purpose.

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A National Labor Policy

AS the war goes on we are still without a national labor policy. The lessons so patiently taught by British experience are unlearned and all but unheeded, while administrative machinery of adjustment multiplies and labor unrest is not allayed. Before the situation has reached unwieldy proportions and has set in motion disturbing influences which are quite irrevocable, a more coherent and uniform policy must be sought. Its existence may literally mean a difference of several months in the arrival of peace, by virtue of the effect of harmonized industrial relations on American production. And its existence will most certainly mean the difference between a working class population distrustful and doubtfully coöperative, and one engaged with a clear conscience in the effort to foster democratic influences throughout the world.

In the absence of a national policy, responsibility for labor negotiations has become widely scattered and no semblance of a uniform point of view is discoverable. The Labor Sub-Committee of the Council of National Defense, the Interdepartment Committee, the National Labor Adjustment Commission, the Shipyard Labor Board, the Labor Commission which recently left for the West, the Board of Control on army garments—these specially created agencies are all primarily engaged in adjusting the demands of labor for the War and Navy Departments, for some contract shops and for a relatively few sub-contracting establishments. The remaining government departments deal with their employees along lines of their own choosing. The great mining, transportation and manufacturing plants which have no direct government contracts either negotiate with labor on some previously agreed basis of which the anthracite coal agreement is an instance; or they have no considered basis at all as in the case of the steel industry.

The confusion created by this diversity of agencies and lack of agencies is grossly uneconomical. Production executives confronted with the insistent claims of labor are bewildered to the point of distraction. Although admittedly outside the field in which they are expert, managers are being forced to turn their entire attention to human problems in order that the wheels may be kept moving. This is unfortunate not only because expensive technical executives are diverted from their specialties, but because they must attend to labor problems which for successful solution require a quality of mind peculiarly adapted and trained.

It happens also, in the absence of a uniform policy, that when two or three departments let contracts to one corporation the same group of employees must be dealt with under the two or three disparate sets of terms of the respective departments—a state of affairs not calculated to reassure workers that wisdom, economy and justice are determining the treatment which is accorded them.

But the existing confusion is not without its hopeful phases. Elements of sound policy are to be found, here a little and there a little; and an effort to group into one effective platform on national industrial relations the best features of the several existing methods of handling the human factor should result in a policy which would leave little to be desired. Immediate consideration of these successful methods and of the principles which underlie them is essential, if the policy is to have practical value in the present crisis.

There is, first, the principle of representation which requires participation of all interests in deliberations which affect them. Several of the new agencies have from the start acted upon this basis. The Adjustment Commission of nine, for example, includes three employers, three representatives of workers and three of the public. But there is a necessary corollary to this principle which has also to be recognized; namely representation not only by interests in general but by immediately involved interests in particular. On the shipbuilding labor board, notably, the representation is more satisfactory because all parties are chosen from the plant in which the dispute has arisen. Of equal importance today with a jury of peers is a jury composed at least in part of those versed in the technique around which the controversy centers.

The second principle, also implied in the first, requires the existence of a collective agreement in which certain of the terms of employment are definitely set forth, and certain guaranties mutually afforded. This sensibly puts negotiations on a footing of equal bargaining power, and it stabilizes employment for the laborer and costs for the manager. The federal government has entered into a collective agreement with the representatives of the several trades necessary to shipbuilding and has by so doing admitted the practical utility of collective contractual relations.

There is, again, implicit in the collective bargain the acceptance of union standards of employment. Perhaps no element in a national labor policy is at the moment more important than this. The union standards of pay, although they vary from place to place and from trade to trade, are standards that

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represent a momentary equilibrium between the downward pressure of employers and the upward thrust of organized workers. Union standards represent the least that the workers feel they can safely accept if they are to maintain their status as fathers and citizens. In a day of fluctuating living costs when practical working standards of pay must be achieved, the union scale with all its shortcomings stands as the best available.

In the building of the army cantonments, although there was no written agreement with the government, union standards of pay, hours and conditions as they prevailed in the several sections of the country were taken by the contractors as their own standards with the result that practically no interruption occurred in that vast construction work. In arsenals and navy yards there is also a more or less open understanding that union rates are the standard by which all wages will be measured; and it is only when this principle has not been acted upon that serious friction has arisen.

The initial formulation of national policy would, therefore, include the requirement of collective bargaining, with expert representative deliberation on all problems where the interests of the workers are affected, and the acceptance of union standards of pay, hours and working conditions as the minimum below which no work would be carried on. So much would be only a correlation and uniform adoption of already familiar practices. But this is not enough. It is never sufficient to agree that certain terms will become operative without making provisions for their enforcement. Moreover it is never sufficient—and in war time it approaches fatal negligence—to provide only for settlement of grievances after they have become acute. The demand for prevention must lead us to provide in our policy for a national instrument of permanent inquiry and report on the causes of discontent both before and after the strike stage is reached. The commission which is now investigating in the West is not at present intended to fulfil this function; nor has the small staff of the Department of Labor been commandeered to meet more than a tiny fraction of this need. The requirements of the situation make necessary a new body with new duties, powers and resources.

A National Bureau of Industrial Relations is needed. It should have for its province (1) to know all the places where government work is being done; (2) to know in as great detail as possible the terms and conditions under which that work is being undertaken in order to be able to enforce existing agreements; (3) to ferret out and try to adjust at once all complaints arising in the shops; (4) to investigate and report to the several existing adjustment boards the facts of pending controversies which the Bureau itself is unable to settle. The uniform method of exhaustive report and the publicity of conditions which have resulted so beneficially in the finances of our railroads in the last decade of the Interstate Commerce Commission's activity, are now imperative in the labor affairs of all corporations performing the public service of war production, and in the labor affairs of the government shops themselves. We need a national fact-finding body as trained and discriminating in the labor field as the Interstate Commerce Commission is in its own domain. Without in any way dislocating the judicial functions of all existing boards it would be possible greatly to strengthen their hands by giving over to one competently conducted agency the work of discovering violations of agreements already in force, of finding the reasons for pending troubles, and of laying bare before the fact, causes of potential disturbance.

This National Bureau, conducted with honestly progressive purposes, would indeed be the safety valve through which much pent-up distrust, ill will and rankling bitterness could be innocuously released; and its work would be the surest guaranty that new difficulties would be kept at a minimum. Operating on a basis of the national policy we have suggested, this agency would give the working class a new sense of the government's awareness, of its sympathy with and understanding of their needs, of its desire to be an active partner in the enterprise of making industry safe for a democracy. It could, in fine, be the articulate working mind, thinking and planning to see that, in the conduct of the war, labor was being reckoned with considerately, affirmatively and with a prophetic sense of the more secure and responsible place which the worker is destined to occupy in the post-war economy.

The expense incident to the effective functioning of this Bureau would undoubtedly be large, but in view of the savings it would effect the net cost would be negligible. Moreover the closest working coöperation should be established with the Department of Labor to the end that its trained investigators and its existing machinery be so far as possible put at the Bureau's disposal. And the manifold committees created under the Council of National Defense and other bodies, to whom aspects of the labor problem have already been entrusted, would unquestionably find their maximum usefulness under the immediate guidance of this accredited and responsible agency. But in any case the element of cost must be completely subordinated to the larger ends in view.

The task of integrating our governmental war machinery is already well under way. The next step imperatively called for is the creation of one authoritative, unified body committed to the defini-

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tion and promulgation of a liberal national labor policy and to widespread and impartial investigation of the sources of unrest. Controlled by this policy and guided by the truly relevant facts which such investigation would disclose, our war industries will achieve a productivity and a harmony to be secured in no other way.

ORDWAY TEAD.

Academic Freedom

ONE of the keenest reflections on the difference in status between higher education in the United States and that of the ancient universities of Europe was made, I believe, by Professor Monroe Smith, who finds the crux of the question in the different legal concepts of the "foundation." European law possesses the concept of property existing by itself without an owner; whereas, in our legal tradition, all property must have an owner. The donations left by our philanthropists are vested as property rights in trustees, recognized in law as virtual owners, and possessing, within testamentary restrictions, all the rights of owners.

The psychological results of the two systems are also widely different. The European foundation is independent not only of the persons who administer it, but even of the state which supports it. For the state, in taking over the support of universities, has never had the power, and rarely the inclination, to interfere with this independence. The university, sometimes by force of arms, always with the force of public opinion, has guaranteed the rights of free speech to its anarchists, and to its clericals, against feudal tyranny and against parliamentary majorities.

On the contrary, the extent to which the theory of trustee ownership has been carried in America need not here be stressed. The claims advanced by the trustees of Pennsylvania in the case of Scott Nearing have been still more eloquently set forth by a trustee of Barnard in connection with recent discussions at Columbia. The professor has his intellectual goods for sale; the "owners" of the university buy them at market price. If the trustees tire of buying a given line of goods, there is no reason why they should go on trading at that particular push-cart. This is the law of it; and many people think, besides, that this is the right of it. Such a journal as the Springfield Republican tempers its criticism of the treatment of Cattell with the observation that Columbia is a "private" institution.

It is conceivable that a system of education thus organized might still work for the cause of higher learning, and work well. But as a matter of fact the American university is affected not only by the legal theory of the "foundation" but also by its own evolutionary history. The old universities were, in origin, free agglomerations of students around men famous for their wisdom and learning. Something of this freedom the universities of France, Italy and Germany have always kept. Students still study what they please, with whom they please, when they please and as they please. The examination only has a fixed value, giving official recognition to work actually done. Meanwhile, education in these countries has been built downward from the university. The influence of the latter is distinctly felt from the third or fourth year of the student in the elementary grades.

American education, on the other hand, has developed in the opposite direction. The American university is the outgrowth of the primary school, and in fact is today only an incomplete transformation of the secondary school. While the university can claim the influence of the lower schools only in the famous entrance requirements, the methods of the secondary school absolutely dominate the American college and practically dominate the post-graduate schools. Only a portion of the students, negligible in quantity, though brilliant in quality, ever free themselves from the methods of work—the assignments, and the point of view—memorization, of the primary and elementary grades.

These lower grades are conceived simply as performing larger functions of the home. The teacher sits *in loco parentis*, as the phrase goes, enjoying the absolute authority of the parents, and teaching the child what the parents would have it taught, and what they would have taught it, were they able or at leisure to do so.

The psychological effects of this situation have been enormous. While the preoccupation of the true and free university is with inquiry and criticism, the discovery of new truth, the parental school is concerned above all else with the content of education, the ideas to be imparted, the subjects to be learned. It views discipline as a prime consideration in the enforcement of fixed curricula. Its virtues are industry, application, orderliness, respect for authority. The difference between the American secondary school and the elementary grades is the difference between arithmetic and algebra; and the difference between the college and the "prep" is the difference between solid and plane geometry. Even as we pass to the graduate departments, subjects still present themselves as "fields" to be enlarged quantitatively and mechanically, rather than as occasions for developing individual talent and forming original, inquisitive, critical personalities. There is no break at any point in the elementary school ideal.

As late as 1880 Columbia University was con-

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cerning itself with detailed supervision of the students in their extra-classroom life: their study hours, their amusements, their morals, the company they kept. If the university has outgrown these parental tasks, it is only in so far as it has outgrown its dormitories. Now indeed it takes cognizance only of such breaches of "discipline" as chance publicity or interested enterprise bring to its notice. If university trustees deal as property owners with their faculties, they do not stand in this relation to the students. The university does not sell its diploma for a tuition fee or for work done. Just as the parent arbitrarily deprives the naughty child of its supper, so the university withholds its certificates from the student of whose views it does not happen to approve. And this parental attitude seems likewise to be well grounded in American law.

The fact that the American university should be at all interested in free investigation and free discussion has occurred to us only within the memory of middle-aged professors. This new conception is an appendage to the foundational parental idea. The same Barnard trustee has put the matter very concisely and very accurately. Our foundations were established by their creators, she says, to promote certain objects, to cultivate certain ideas, mostly religious and belles-lettristic, to foster certain types of "character." The trustees of the donations hire certain professors to carry out these objects, to promulgate these ideas, to develop these types of character. If on the people there has dawned the vision of something else, let the people (the lady used the word "radicals," but doubtless in the heat of righteous emotion) let the people go and get their own universities. Why try to browbeat the foundations into doing something they never dreamed of doing and besides have developed no administrative machinery for doing?

The state university might seem to be a step, it is true, in the direction of democratic control of education. But unfortunately the state university has patterned itself on the only American model it had —the parental foundational type. In it the parent and the millionaire are replaced by the legislative majority. The case of Texas is still fragrant in our nostrils. But Utah outvoted Darwin; Missouri recorded a minority vote against Henry George; Florida dismissed a professor for approving the abolition of slavery. All of which was done to protect the minds and morals of youth, and because the teacher was a hired man unprotected by the hired man's union.

One of the first college presidents, Plato by name, in his Republic admirably describes the nature of free investigation as a willingness to "follow the argument whithersoever it may lead." Plato's authority is of course suspect; for he immediately followed the argument to an assault on belles-lettres, not to mention his notion of communism in property and communism in women. His successor, Xenocrates of Chalcedon, shows that he is old-fashioned by describing the ideal college president as a "deep vessel with a small mouth." Needless to say, Plato could not teach in an American university. But neither can Dana. Those who had hopes for the foundational parental institution after the words of President Butler that the privilege of going right could only be bought by according the privilege of going wrong, lost courage forever when it was found a professor could not even go to Chicago. In the face of such a right-about on the part of a fairly progressive president, one wonders whether the foundational parental university can ever become an institution for the advancement of science, an institution willing to follow arguments whithersoever they may lead, yea, even into the private correspondence of the nation's founders.

But the policy of bully-ragging the foundations and their trustees has a number of fallacies. First of all, the American public has never possessed the concept of free speech, and in consequence it is never aroused by violations of it. Secondly there are no adequate means of arousing such a public opinion, if the sacrifice by one of the greatest American professors of his life work gets a scant fifty per cent of editorial support in the newspapers. The policy of the Association of Professors has an academic value only: it draws up long-winded, pseudo-judicial opinions, which the newspapers rarely print and which people never read. Why should they? These reports are amalgams of dignity and righteousness, quite in contrast to the appeals of the effective trade-unionism which threw stones for forty years waiting for an intelligent man to enter the White House. An efficient union of professors is an almost utopian dream. Ninety per cent of American professors are uninterested in the advancement of learning as defined by Plato. They are content with the chance to live in relative peace, teaching in the traditional manner of the secondary schools, but with fewer hours' work and more concessions to their vanity. The vast majority, by training and temper, are inclined to view their function as that of transmitting information rather than as the training of critical, inquiring minds, eager to go wherever arguments may lead them.

But if the American public is unfamiliar with the concept of free philosophical inquiry, it possesses both the concept and a shadowy reality of a free judiciary. The hope of higher education lies—not in the initiative or tolerance of a terrified

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foundational system—but in a National University, founded on the model of the Supreme Court independent of wealthy donors and their designated successors, independent also of the Congressional majority, created by the wealth of the whole people, with professors elected by the democracy of experts in their respective subjects, presided over, in administrative matters, by the President of the United States, endowed with life tenure on the same conditions as Supreme Court justices. Such a university, with its integrity thus guaranteed, would not be a refuge for radicalism, to be sure; but it might occasionally ensure a livelihood to an accidental genius developing late in life. Generously sustained by the people it would put the sicklier foundations out of business and make the stronger ones live up, not to the ideas of deceased grocers interpreted by pecunious respectables still undeceased, but to the standards set by the best scholars, working, thinking and writing in safe and secure environments. When the world has been made safe for democracy, cannot this great Republic find a few hundred acres of land near Washington for a free and democratic university? We shall need neither guns nor battleships in the era of peace that present conscription is to win for us. We can found it with a Liberty Loan to education and sustain it for an insignificant fraction of the average military budget.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

Political Revolt in the Northwest

III—Making the Schools an Issue

WITHOUT proper funds, poorly taught, and with a course of study too often clipped from the catalogue of an enterprising textbook publisher, the ordinary rural school is twenty years behind even the old-style city school which the Gary plan proposes to modernize. Inside its one-room building a single teacher attempts to hold the attention of eight grades of pupils with abilities no more standardized than those of the pupils in a city school. Often the pupils are of different nationalities; in no case are they the alert, robust children which the farms are generally supposed to produce. Government statistics show that the number of children and young men defective or in need of medical attention is from seven to twenty per cent higher in rural districts than in the cities. And progress—attention to health, the securing of better teachers, regular attendance, and modern courses of study—is too often in the hands of local politicians whose conception of their office simply demands that they guard against conditions growing any worse.

When the farmers' organization known as the Nonpartisan League came into control in North Dakota, at the last election, it found nothing unusual in the development of rural education. One farm child in four was finishing the eighth grade; one in ten was enrolled in high-school work. The average term of the rural school was 150 days. Its percentage of attendance was less than sixty-five. The city schools had a term of 180 days and a ninety per cent attendance. The inference from percentages and comparisons is plain. North Dakota still had need of imaginative leadership in school betterment.

Interest in such a problem, much less the imaginative handling of it, might not have been expected from the farmers' Nonpartisan League. The new movement which had captured the state was a political revolt against private ownership of the means of distribution. It was a movement which had to go fast or fall apart. Farmers who were out to get state-owned elevators and state-owned flour-mills were not likely to give thought to problems in school ventilation and teaching and attendance. The education of children is far off the track of a fight for larger profits. Even in the ordinary campaign in the average community better schools are seldom a main issue. The members of the local board of education are usually chosen on a basis of their stand on the McKinley principle of tariff legislation.

It was probably because the Nonpartisan League did not take part in an ordinary campaign that within four months of its first success it began actively to deal with problems of education. The League could not hope to draw voters away from the older parties by inventing a new catchword issue. Its existence hung upon an ability to prove that there was an economic issue to be met. It needed, therefore, a wide understanding of what economics meant. And it took up the schooling of children as naturally as it had set out to instruct voters with its campaign literature. Another generation must not grow up to throw away its ballots on "state-rights" and "the principles of protection."

This wish for a more challenging attitude had its immediate effect on the course of study. In North Dakota the new Superintendent of Public Instruction is a League man. A great evil which he sees in the old course of study is that nowhere within its scope is the word "dockage" to be found. Dock-

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age is part of the process of selling grain. It is accordingly of first importance to the children of eight out of ten fathers—who, in North Dakota, are farmers—and at least of secondary importance to the children of the merchants and bankers who deal with them. In the new course of study, drawn up by the League's Superintendent, dockage is to be found along with music and calisthenics. The sixth grade teacher is advised, in teaching percentage, to introduce general arithmetic terms but to "see that the pupils know the topic as based on the stocks of local companies." The seventh grade studies farm accounts and the merits of public ownership. In the eighth grade the teacher must appreciate that the study of civics includes "showing the benefits of eliminating all unnecessary middlemen and selling in open market." There is constant emphasis on the practical, on profits and incomes and losses. At the same time, teachers are warned that no satisfactory school can afford to be without a phonograph and its set of opera records.

It is realized, however, that phonographs and a rejuvenated course of study are only a small part of the task of making farm children into militant economists. Better teachers, better health, and better attendance are needed. The new Superintendent of Instruction has recommended a stiffening in the tests for examining teachers, and announced that in coöperation with the Attorney-General's office he will demand that in future only those holding valid certificates teach in the public schools. He has laid plans for safeguarding health and for better attendance, plans in which the farmers' legislature has already given him assistance. A law has been passed which puts nurses and medical inspection within the reach of rural schools. Another provides free transportation for farm children living more than two and a quarter miles from a school, and raises the age for compulsory attendance to seventeen years, in case the eighth grade has not been completed. A third act of the legislature establishes evening schools—rural as well as city—for the benefit of young men and women above compulsory school age. For farmers accustomed to using their older children as laborers and now concentrating upon an attack on Big Business, these early achievements in school improvement show a broad outlook. They indicate willingness to be part of a progressive movement for more widely shared opportunities.

The chief contribution, however, which the brief régime of the League has made to rural school improvement in North Dakota is what it has done in standardization and consolidation. A school is graded as "standardized" when it meets the requirements for classification as a state rural school. These requirements, when you view them unprofessionally, and in the light of what training any child ought to be given, are shamefully low. Nevertheless, when the Nonpartisan League came into power in North Dakota only one rural school in every eighteen was "standardized." The chief needs were more money and better requirements for classification. The farmers' legislature provided new requirements, and appropriated more than twice the amount which the previous legislature had given to the state school aid fund. It also made a beginning at "consolidation," which strikes deeper, and is in fact the most direct solution which has so far been suggested for the rural school problem.

For consolidation means the uniting of several one-room schools so that there are at least two teachers to divide the work of teaching eight grades. Four grades to a teacher is bad enough, but it means just twice as much in the way of equipment and opportunities. The additional time that can be given to each study and to the individual child has its direct result. It has been found in North Dakota that in consolidated schools the attendance is twenty-five per cent better, in spite of the longer term and the greater distance that many children must travel to reach a consolidated school. And the interest in school work is more permanent. Three times as many pupils complete the eighth grade, compared with results that were had under the old system, and four times as many enroll for high-school work. To the program of consolidation the Nonpartisan League has given the support of favorable legislation and increased funds. In the ten months during which it has been in control of the offices of North Dakota more than a hundred consolidated schools have been added to the state list.

And this addition has brought an immediate gain, as well as an assurance for the future. For the consolidated school develops naturally into the community center which is needed to give reality to rural life. A school which has available rooms and the leadership of teachers not fatigued by the day's work can be used for lectures and a rural lyceum, exhibitions and a meeting place of farmers' organizations. It offers an opportunity for that sort of group fraternizing which is taken for granted in the city, and without which the farmers can scarcely help being "apathetic" about distant issues. So far, in fact, has the use of the consolidated school been carried in North Dakota that it has become the home of community drama. Nor is this a forced development. There is no attempt to misinterpret Yeats or to produce a Dakota Lohengrin. Plays and pageants are given which are native enough in subject-matter and in origin to

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bring a genuine participation. They are such plays as For the Cause and The Blackrust and the Wheat—plays written and staged by the farmers, a dramatization of their own society. And like the more substantial advantages that are gained by the consolidated school system, they offer a chance for the self-expression and integration which the isolated circumstances of farm life discourage.

It is no more than a beginning, to be sure, to supply the farmer with a small drama, a hundred more consolidated schools and twice as large an appropriation for rural education. But such a beginning gives substance to the Nonpartisan League's promises of reconstruction. Its administration in North Dakota has started by avoiding the temptations to neglect and petty plunder which a political upheaval offers, and set out to give the rural schools better teachers, better attendance, health and methods of organization. The League has caught hold of a fundamental issue. It is not an issue which can easily be dramatized. But it is one to which a steady adherence is in itself enough to save the League from going the way of the Populist party.

CHARLES MERZ.

Sugar

A FEW mornings ago I took out of the mail the following card from a large grocery firm with which I have done some trading:

APPRECIATION

We are glad to have had the opportunity recently to show you our appreciation, in a small way. You have realized, of course that all of our valued customers have been taken care of on sugar and at no advance in price, while hundreds of families have been unable to buy it at any price. In thinking of you tonight we put a little away in the safe with your name on it, so you need feel no anxiety during the sugar famine.

We want you to feel that we are studying your interests in every possible way.

Sincerely,

——— ———.

An innocent little document. Yet when I put it down my blood was boiling. "Who are you, you infernal scoundrel," I felt like saying to the author of it, if only I could have got hold of him at the moment, "who are you, to assume that I want sugar locked away in a safe with my name on it, while hundreds of families are unable to buy it at any price?" And as I glanced through the card a second time its tone offended me even more than its immoral content: "To show you our appreciation." "In a small way"! "Our valued customers." "Have been taken care of." "In thinking of you tonight." "Are studying your interests." That reiterated note of fawning altruism—it was sickening. And through sheer contrast there leaped to my lips those ringing words of Walt Whitman's:

"I speak the pass-word primeval—I give the sign of democracy;
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

"As if it harm'd me, giving others the same chances and rights as myself—As if it were not indispensable to my own rights that others possess the same."

But alas! The man whom in imagination I was addressing, for all his "appreciation" in other directions, would hardly appreciate Walt Whitman. Indeed, he would probably be at a loss so much as to understand the anger that his thoughtful offer had engendered. And reverting from a mood that had come dangerously near to self-righteousness, I chastened myself with the reflection that the man whom I had been mentally reviling would in private life probably be just as ready to share his last pound of sugar with me as I would mine with him. How could I know, indeed, that on the battle-field he might not prove a second Sidney? Only, just now, he happened to be, not on the battle-field, or even in private life, but in the grocery business; and his card accordingly was not an example of individual avarice or depravity but a revelation rather of the serene unconsciousness of the commercial mind of the meaning of democracy. And a particularly illuminating one, too, I think. In fact, if to put much into little be a sign of literary art, the author of that card deserves to rank, after his fashion, with Walt Whitman. If Whitman's lines call us like a bugle into the future, this unknown author's lines sum up with epic comprehensiveness the present. Into them is packed the whole philosophy of the capitalistic age that is passing: the doctrine of special privilege, of having a friend at court, of getting in on the ground floor, of having the necessary "sugar" locked away "in the safe" so that those on the inside may be "taken care of" and need "feel no anxiety" during the "famine"—for which small favors the "valued customer" pays "the usual price." There, imprisoned in a hundred words, is the spirit which for two centuries has been turning business into profiteering, politics into corruption, international relations into imperialism and intrigue. That spirit, whether at a council of war in Potsdam or in a grocery store in Philadelphia, is the eternal foe of democracy. It has a thousand forms and it infects every sphere of life. A man can no more escape it than he can escape the air he breathes. But he need not sur-

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render to it. If he is worth his salt, he will combat it to the end.

A day or two after receiving word that I was to lose no sleep over my sugar bowl, I ran on the following item in my paper:

"An interesting incident occurred at one of the chain grocery stores in the city yesterday. The supply of sugar was just running out and the last allotments, each of two pounds, went to three little girls who had come into the store together. They went out together also and were just about to cross the street when the bag that one of them was carrying suddenly burst, spilling its contents into the mud of the gutter. The precious sugar was gone beyond recovery and the grief of the little girl knew no bounds. 'Whatever shall I do?' she cried. 'We haven't a single bit at home, and I can't buy any more.' For a moment her companions looked as helpless as she did. But only for a moment. One of them at any rate was equal to the occasion. 'I know!' she cried, and darting back into the store she emerged a second later with a fresh paper bag, and sitting promptly down on the curbing, proceeded to untie her own package and pour a good third of its contents into the new bag. Then she looked at the other little girl whose sugar was still intact. Whether it was the noble example or only shame at the thought of not complying—anyhow the second child took the hint and followed suit. Not the least interesting part of the whole affair was the scrupulous care with which the prime mover of the scheme saw that the contents of the three bags were made exactly even. The obvious relief of the little girl whose sugar had been spilled seemed to be mixed with doubt as to whether she ought to accept the gift from her companions. 'But what will you do,' she began, 'if. . . .' 'Oh,' replied the one who had superintended the division, cheerfully, 'probably there'll be some more tomorrow.' The reporter of the scene had the curiosity to step into the store and inquire whether there *was* a likelihood of more sugar tomorrow. 'It looks extremely doubtful just at present,' said the clerk."

Evidently that little girl had too trustful a disposition. She had an excess of faith and a deficiency of prudence. And yet, somehow, those last words of hers, "Oh! probably there'll be some more tomorrow," echoed in my mind until they called up (not by contrast this time) one of the hardest and most paradoxical sentences into which human words were ever cast: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." And I went and got my Bible and read the whole of the familiar passage in which we are urged to "take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek.)" The child is the best philosopher. Is it possible that that little girl's casual remark, taken with her conduct, throws some light on that perplexing passage, making of it something more than the insane apotheosis of improvidence that on the surface it appears to be? Does it contain a hint of how our society has got to be made over, if life, as distinguished from mere living, is to be possible for the masses of mankind? However that may be, of one thing I am certain. That card from my grocer and that child on the city curbstone—they are the poles of the world.

HAROLD GODDARD.

A Place in the Sun

THE Limited had been making up time, picking its way among bare, red-brown hills scattered at random over a plain so burned and dead that not even the candelabra cactus could raise its spiny arms except in the rare depressions of extinct water courses. But now the train had come to a halt that promised to be protracted. The passengers were leaving the cars, and from my window I observed what appeared to be a party organizing to scale a nearby hill. Already two girls were a hundred yards from the tracks; and headed toward the same hill, if not directly following, were most of the younger male passengers.

"Did you ever see such fools?" asked the Omaha lady who occupied the seat facing mine. But then she had all along borne an unaccountable grudge against those two girls now climbing with shrieks of laughter from rock to rock. To my mind they made up a very pretty picture, with their hair of miraculous blond hue, their red blouses and green skirts lighting up the desolate hillside. What if their eyes were a little too innocently blue, their cheeks a little too radiantly pink, on close inspection.

"It's no use sitting here indefinitely," I said, rising.

"I suppose you'll climb the hill too?" queried the Omaha lady contemptuously.

"I might, if it weren't so hot and I weren't so lazy," I replied. "But I'm going to see the town."

"Town? Huh!"

The conductor stood in the shadow of the car, beside the little pedestal that helps you to alight.

"How long are we to be here?" I inquired.

"Lord knows. There has been a washout up the track."

"Washout!" I exclaimed incredulously, scanning the hard blue sky.

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"You think it never rains in this country. But it does. Once in ten years. And then, oh Lord! I've seen two feet of water in the station down there."

I looked down the track toward the station, a little stuccoed mission structure, confronted across the track by a half dozen other buildings rising out of the hot sand. Two feet of water there? Railway men are of course always to be believed, but how did the water have a chance to accumulate? After all, that was not much more incredible than that people could actually be living here. I decided to go down the track to assure myself on this point.

The first building bore the sign, "James Black and Co. Fuel and Feed." A grim joke, one might suppose, in a place where the thermometer is fixed at 100 and where excepting horned lizards there can be no animal life whatsoever. Through the open window of the "office" I saw the lank figure of a man, uncomfortably disposed over a revolving chair, his feet on the desk before him. He appeared to be dozing, but really no one could doze in such a position.

"Hello!" I said. "How's business?"

"Go to hell!" he retorted, turning toward me with a melancholy grin. "It's right near here."

The next building, with the sign, "General Merchandise" on its front, appeared to be vacant. Indeed, there were no further signs of life until I reached the last building, a green bungalow, opposite the station. In a hammock on the veranda a woman in a white linen dress was reading. Her hair, which hung in a coil over the edge of the hammock, was a luminous reddish brown, like the landscape where the sun's rays fell aslant. Somehow I could not resist the temptation to pause to gaze at it. The woman turned her face toward me.

"Why!" I exclaimed, "Estelle Ayers!"

"Estelle Ayers, that was," she replied calmly. "Haven't you forgotten that I have a husband?"

"Oh, no, I remember that well enough. I've forgotten your husband's name, but I remember a lot about him. He had just inherited a wholesale hardware business, and he was going to learn the difference between a mitre box and an adze."

"Yes, that is what he told you."

"But aren't you surprised over my call?"

"No. Everybody calls on one here, if one stays long enough."

"Yes, I suppose so. But how long have you been staying here?"

"Three years."

"Health, I suppose?"

"No. Bread and butter."

I gasped. Estelle Ayers, the most brilliant girl in her college class marooned here in the desert?

"I'll answer your question even if you don't ask it," she said. "I married money, or at any rate a lot of hardware. But Mr. Bruce and I soon exhausted all the intellectual content of the hardware business. We traded it for a newspaper, which we made educational and independent. We reported the wrong things about the right people, and lost our advertising. So we traded the paper for an academy in a western state, but the county opened a union high school in the same town. We sold the academy to the Y. M. C. A. and bought a mine. Then we decided that in this epoch of transportation we ought to attach ourselves to the railways. As Mr. Bruce said, we would get all the romance out of it by beginning at the bottom and working up. This is the bottom."

"Well, well!" cried a thin masculine voice at my elbow. "I *am* delighted." Mr. Bruce seized my hand and wrung it enthusiastically. He was a little man, with bright brown eyes and a vivacious mouth fringed with a silky black mustache. I had seen him only once before and had liked him as well as one may be expected to like the man who carries off into matrimony a girl for whom one has predicted a brilliant career. I liked him very little now that he was proved unsuccessful, and I found myself trying to recall that I had set him down as flighty and irresponsible.

"Wonderful country this is!" he exclaimed. "The air is perfect, and such sunshine! If only we had time, I'd take you to the top of that big mountain over there."

I glanced at the mountain, a forbidding mass of burned rock.

"What would we see?" I inquired.

"Other mountains just like it," said Estelle, in a weary voice. "You see how these mountains are made? First a little hump, then a bigger one, then another hump much bigger, then one not quite so big, and finally a very little one."

I ran my eyes over the outlines of the dozen or more mountains within range of my vision.

"They are all really of a pattern," I admitted.

"Yes, do you know what Estelle calls them?" cried Mr. Bruce, laughing immoderately. "She calls them the Devil's wall paper. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll show you my farm. Come on!"

He seized my arm and led me across the railway track to a slight depression near the water tank.

"See that dripping leak?" asked Mr. Bruce with a large gesture. "Observe it well. It is the causa causans, the prime source. When the company sends up a gang to stop the leak, we have a drought on my farm. But the winds rock the tank until she springs a new leak, and then my farm flows with milk and honey."

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We had arrived at the farm. It was a carefully leveled space, five feet by thirty, with a conduit of old sheet iron down its center. The end nearest the track was a rich green, with beets, lettuce and onions. Half way down the vegetation became stunted and yellow, and near the farther end only a few tightly curled dry leaves gave evidence of husbandry. But at the very end of the conduit loomed a cabbage, dark green, immense, flat as a drum head.

"See that cabbage?" cried Mr. Bruce. "Greedy fellow, he's eaten half my water. Do you realize, that is the only cabbage growing within a hundred miles of this spot? Come up on this knoll"—Mr. Bruce leapt upon a heap of broken stone. "You get a good view of the whole farm. Hullo! There are your fellow passengers on top of Mount Marcos. Wonderful how far you can see through this clear air. Those two girls now; you can see their hair is yellow. My, they're jolly, aren't they? And the boys seem to be having a good time, too. Look at those bored old captains of industry sweltering beside the train. Bet they're thirsty. Oh say, I've got an idea! Let's run back to the house."

We really ran, Mr. Bruce eagerly, I protestingly, not liking the exercise especially when I don't know why I'm running.

"Estelle!" cried Mr. Bruce excitedly. "Get me a bucket and some lemons. I'm going to refresh that crowd down by the train."

"They have plenty of lemonade in the buffet car," said Estelle.

"Not my kind." Mr. Bruce darted into the bungalow.

"Estelle! Where's the molasses?"

"Top shelf," replied Estelle. I looked at her in wonder. She shrugged her shoulders.

Presently Mr. Bruce returned to the veranda with a bucket full of a brown tinted liquid, in which a few slices of lemon were swimming. He had discarded his coat and had donned a dusty old hat and a pair of many-wrinkled top boots. Even if you had never seen a boot-legger you would have taken him for one.

"What do you think of my lemonade?" he asked, dipping a glassful and holding it up to the light. "What does it make you think of?" He shook with suppressed laughter. "'Here gents, your nice cool lemonade. The more you drink the thirstier you get. For gents only. Ten cents a glass!' That will get the captains of industry, I guess." He set out for the train at a half trot, the bucket splashing against his leg.

For several moments neither Estelle nor I spoke. I was embarrassed, and felt that I ought to say something, but about what? Estelle wasn't embarrassed, but was taking a mild satisfaction in my helplessness.

"What are you reading?" I asked at last.

She handed me her book. It was yellow with age, apparently a thriller of an earlier generation.

"The House on the Marsh," I read aloud.

"A very worthless book, you are thinking," she said quietly.

"No, who am I to pass judgment on books I have never read?"

"Well, it is really worthless. But why shouldn't I read worthless books?"

"You wrote very pretty verses in college. And I recall that encouraging letter you had from Mr. Howells on your first story. Are you writing anything now?"

"No, why should I write? As you see, I have attained my place in the sun."

Surely there was still something to be said, but I could not think what it was. So I remained silent, pretending an interest in the red burned mountain opposite, and in its blue black shadow now lengthening across the plain. Estelle closed her eyes.

"The glare makes one's eyes very tired, in the end," she said. But that did not revive my tongue from its paralysis. It was with immense relief that I espied Mr. Bruce, returning from the train with all the spirit of one of those dancing little desert whirlwinds.

"The basis of a fortune," he shouted as he ascended the steps. "Listen!" He jingled his pocket. "They bit like sandflies. There was only one insect in my ointment." He drew from his pocket a handful of coins and picked out one of them. "Look at that."

"Why, it is a lead quarter, not even washed with silver," I said.

"If you are my friend, you'll manage to step on the foot of that big, fat captain of industry with a squint eye, after the train moves on. The rest of them were game. They'd take a swallow, make a face, then gulp it down and laugh. 'Good stuff!' they'd say; I needed a bat to keep the rest off. But that old captain of industry, confound him, emptied his glass, winked and gave me this quarter. 'Now let's both squeal,' he said, 'or you give me change.'

"Plainly we've missed our calling," said Estelle. "Perhaps it's not too late even now to go into business, at the bottom."

Mr. Bruce laughed joyously, and ran across the track to the station. As for me, I was again puzzling about what to say, as if that in the least mattered. I was delivered from my perplexity by the sound of the locomotive bell and a long drawn "All Aboard" from the conductor.

"Good bye, Estelle," I said, offering my hand.

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"Good bye," said Estelle impassively, picking up The House on the Marsh with her disengaged hand.

The passengers were again on board. All the younger men and some not so young had crowded into my car around the two girls who had led the expedition to the hill top. All had discarded their surnames and were evidently bent on a most sociable time. The Omaha lady facing me looked grim as the Mosaic law. Slowly the train began to move. As it passed the station I watched for the chance of another glimpse of Estelle. She was standing at the edge of the veranda, facing the east, from which a strong wind was blowing. What had become of her passivity? With the wind in her hair and garments, she seemed a symbol of life just awakening.

Some months later I wrote to Estelle, with a literary project as pretext. But my letter was returned to me unopened by Mr. Bruce, with the statement that Estelle was visiting friends in the East, and he had unfortunately mislaid the card with her address. The air was simply glorious, he added, and he was expecting to enlarge his farm, as the water tank was leaking exuberantly.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Where We Stand and Stood

SIR: The timely and illuminating article in your issue of October 29th, entitled Darkening Counsel, will clear up many misunderstandings as to the policy of The New Republic. This policy is "to prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, but concurrently to take every opportunity of making it increasingly plain to the enemy peoples that the end for which we fight does not challenge either their national security or vital interest." You protest against the belief of your opponents that such a policy implies an early and compromise peace, or that you are not duly interested in the effective prosecution of the war. Yet you have on many occasions in the past laid yourselves open to just such charges. While it does not necessarily follow that you favor a premature peace when you suggest that possibly it might be better to leave Alsace-Lorraine to Germany for the sake of preserving the fruits of the Russian Revolution by an early cessation of hostilities, the inference is not altogether unreasonable. Your effectiveness in encouraging the active prosecution of the war is open to question in so far as you enlarge on the impossibility of the Allies defeating Germany in less than from three to five years, and mourn by the bedside of "the now rapidly vanishing hope of a military decision." There is excuse for thinking that you seek a return to the status quo ante when you unequivocally state that in return for the democratization of Germany the Allies should renounce all indemnities and annexations whatsoever. Finally, your recent statement that "victory over Germany has become—imperative" is surprising in view of your previous argument that a decisive victory would be a calamity because it would give such tremendous prestige to war as a method of attaining international ends that methods of negotiation would in the future be greatly handicapped in comparison.

I have not brought up these ghosts of past experimentings which pine, many of them, in dug-outs of thought long since abandoned by you, in order to press a charge of inconsistency or vacillation against you. On the contrary, I believe that, with occasional startling aberrations, you have pursued as nearly consistent a policy as is possible in a fluid international situation with lightning changes of aspect. I claim, however, that while pursuing a double policy, military and political, both parts of which are essential to the complete attainment of our national aspirations, you have allowed the military to be overshadowed by the political to such an extent that your policy, up to October, was open, if not to the deductions of the Outlook and the Tribune, at least to considerable misunderstanding.

Your reason for pursuing this course was probably your recognition that the enterprise of putting this country into a condition where it could apply the maximum military and economic pressure against the enemy was being zealously and effectively furthered by the majority press, whose energies it was occupying to the practical exclusion of other issues. On the other hand, the to your mind no less important problems of international diplomacy, such as that of a diplomatic drive with the purpose of widening by a constant and intelligent presentation of issues the rift between the government and the people of Germany, were not only not receiving their due of patient thought, but were relegated to the background, as, for the time being, utterly irrelevant to the attainment of the purposes of the United States. Realizing that there were twenty who held that we should temporarily blind ourselves to every issue except that of increasing our military effectiveness to every one who believed that concurrently we should keep alive intelligent discussion of the purposes for which we are fighting, and further, if possible, by diplomacy the high aims to which we are dedicating our arms, you decided that you could best serve the common purpose by stressing the political aspect of the situation rather than the military one. To be sure, you did not neglect the latter altogether. In many thoughtful editorials and by means of Mr. Hard's brilliant articles you offered much constructive criticism to the government in vital matters relating solely to military preparedness. But this comment was accompanied by such discouraging calculations as to the limits of military effectiveness, by such disheartening judgments of the impossibility of victory, and by so obvious a conviction that the method by which we should ultimately be obliged to attain our ends would be that of negotiation as to encourage the interpretation that you gravely underestimated the importance of the purely military activities of the Allies.

This notion you have now completely set at rest. The increasing amount of attention which The New Republic has been devoting to military problems during the past month, its unequivocal repudiation of the disingenuous terms which have recently been advanced by Germany as a tentative basis for peace negotiations, and finally its declaration that a complete military defeat of Germany may be necessary to the accomplishment of our national

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objects, have shattered the suspicion that you would countenance any sentimental, insecure or premature peace. I myself am one of those who hold that while no crime would equal that of continuing the war for one day after Germany is willing to give the world terms and guaranties adequate to ensure a just and lasting peace, nothing under existing circumstances short of a decisive military defeat will induce her to do so. I have thus far been skeptical as to the extent of the effectiveness of such a "concurrent diplomatic drive" as you advocate, and disagree with many of your concrete suggestions in furtherance of this idea. But my reassurance as to your recognition of the primary importance of the thoroughgoing use of our military power has greatly increased my confidence in the force of your political arguments. At any rate you have developed a clearly defined and practical policy which must challenge the best thought of those who are working to make the power of the United States count to the full in the re-establishment of a securer world order.

JOHN CROSBY BROWN, 2ND.

New York City.

A Letter from France

[NOTE: The following letter from a former member of the American Ambulance in France, who is now with the Naval Air Service, was forwarded to us by its recipient.—THE EDITORS.]

I WISH that President Wilson had been a little more insistent upon a full declaration of the exact purposes for which the Allies are fighting. It seems to me after cautiously waiting three years to enter, he finally plunged in and tried to make reparation for his tardiness by granting big aids of men and money to the Allies on credit, as you might express it, without asking for a clear and concise definition of their purposes. We are being counted upon to finish this war. We should not let the Allies do our diplomacy for us. American representatives should be present at any Allied conference having any bearing on the war.

I'm not questioning the sincerity of these purposes. Had there been any doubt in my mind on this point, I would not have been over here when I was; but I'm not satisfied with "on to Berlin" as a battle cry. First thing it's ridiculous; secondly it means nothing but the crushing of Germany. "Democracy for all" is good but rather indefinite. I want the purposes of the Allies as a whole, as well as the territorial ambitions of each separate Allied nation precisely defined, and these purposes and ambitions should be such that the Allied group could use them for a battle cry. I want the exact status of each piece of territory in question defined, as we would have it, and put down in black and white so we would know what we are fighting for because I have seen the war, and American lives, and all lives, are far too precious to continue this war one additional day to satisfy the territorial ambitions of any belligerent. These should be so put that they could not be misconstrued by any of the people of any of the Central Powers; for contrary to the belief of many of the military gentlemen, I should consider the warping away of the least of Germany's allies as the greatest victory to that date in the war.

I've just finished reading President Wilson's answer to the Pope. It is the only answer that could be given. Much as I desire peace, I don't want it on the terms outlined by the Pope. There is only one peace possible, and that is with a more responsible head of the German government than William II. He has not changed one bit since August, 1914, as his answer to the Pope testifies. The killing must go on until either we or his own people start him moving—"West"—if possible. His continued presence is absolutely unnecessary to the running of the world. It would be a pity to pollute any place by keeping him confined in it.

It would certainly add weight to Wilson's words if he would remove the last big obstacle to democracy in our great Republic. It seems to me that the only secure foundation for our new world to be built upon is one of absolute equality—barring neither sex nor race. Any structure built on other than this is on rock and sand, its toppling is only a matter of time. People must be made more capable of ruling intelligently; in the past education has tended more to a following out of set formulas and dogmas. This produced a people who knew well certain things, but it was very apt to discourage the working out of problems, each man for himself. The church, the old method of education and the army all discouraged individual thought. A people brought up among these influences was almost certain to let a few do their thinking, and be led into almost anything that these few made appear right to them. Education is the most important question before us today. It controls the future destiny of the world.

LONGSHAW K. PORRITT.

A port in France.

"The Price of a Home"

SIR: Since reading the articles by Julia Clark Hallam on The Price of a Home, which have appeared recently in THE NEW REPUBLIC, I have been groping about in a mind darkened by twenty years of homemaking, trying to classify the fallacies that I seemed to detect running through her argument. I should like to submit a few of them, though under the circumstances I must do so most humbly.

First: Is the ability to do purely academic work a legitimate test of mental power? And are we to regard the "activities and attainments" of our young graduate students as "higher" than the activities and attainments of practical living? It had never occurred to me that the business of living ought to be a preparation for university work. On the contrary, I have been laboring under the impression that university work was nothing more than a preparation for the business of living. Indeed I have often discussed with my college girl, who by the way is an honor student, the danger of putting too much faith in mere scholarship. We feel that unless she can harness her "attainments" and make them pull a full sized load in real life, they will be of very doubtful value. Isn't the world full of healthy, middle-aged people—men as well as women—who would hesitate to compete in the class-room with their clever twenty-year-old sons and daughters, just as they would hesitate to compete in the gymnasium? We grow a little stiff as we get into our forties, but ought the boys and girls to look down upon us on that account? I think most of them are quite modestly awaiting the test of real life before awarding themselves any honors.

Second: Is work which can be done mechanically necessarily deadening to the mental faculties? At the college that my daughter attends the girls are knitting innumerable sweaters. You see them everywhere with their gray yarn

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and long needles, knitting, knitting, knitting, stitch after stitch, stitch after stitch. I finally put the question that naturally occurred to me: "When a sweater can be knit so quickly by machinery, I wonder if all this hand knitting is a wise expenditure of time?" In the prompt answer was the irrefutable logic of the college student: "But we aren't competing with the machines. They're all working to capacity in any case. What we do is just that much extra. And it doesn't take our time; it merely keeps our hands busy while we are doing other things. We don't have to think about it. We don't even have to look at it. We knit at lectures, class meetings, fraternity meetings, on the trains to and from the city, when we are strolling on the campus, sometimes even when we are studying. It doesn't interfere in the least with other things and we do get a lot done. Our hands might just as well be busy."

That is exactly my idea regarding my housework. My hands might just as well be busy. Homemaking, as I see it, is strictly and solely brain work. We may hire servants to do all of our housework and still be homemakers. And we can do every bit of our own housework without creating anything that deserves to be called a home. While the mechanical work of the house is not homemaking, I believe it aids rather than hinders the process. My husband, who finances the household entirely by mental exertion, says that his best ideas come to him when he is shaving. Similarly, I believe that my best ideas have come to me when I was washing dishes. Certainly I have found the solution of many a perplexing problem in family engineering while doing the weekly mending. While bathing and dressing my child—and tying on her bib—I was accomplishing the vitally important matter of cultivating her friendship, a very real and close friendship that was exceedingly useful to her when she was little, and is of priceless value to both of us now that she is grown. I was doing housework when I hit upon a plan for instilling the love of truthfulness in my child—and it worked. I was doing housework while teaching obedience, consideration for others, the sense of duty. I might multiply instances indefinitely to show that the hands might just as well be busy. One can "get a lot done," and it need not interfere in the least with the real job.

Third: If we define Home as an institution that provides for the health and strength, mental and moral as well as physical, of each and every member of the family, what profession open to man or woman furnishes a better opportunity for self-development than is offered by the business of making a home? The needs of the household must be unceasingly observed and studied. Defects in the individual, in the home atmosphere, in all habits of thought and action must be noted—and remedied. Ideals are to be planted and fostered. Tastes are to be encouraged, or perhaps discouraged. Purposes are to be developed and made strong. Judgment has constantly to be tested and trained. Surely the woman who does these things, or even tries to do them, will not deteriorate mentally. Those who do deteriorate, will do so because, on account of over-work, or poor health, or ignorance, or lack of interest, or for some other reason, they have not put their minds on, or their hearts in, the business of creating and maintaining a genuine home.

I sometimes think that in this day of restlessness and change, of hotels and boarding houses, of women taking the places of men, there must be many who have no conception of what an ideal home is, or what it may mean to those who live in it. If so it is not surprising that there should be more or less confusion of the terms homemaking and housekeeping. Possibly Mrs. Hallam in writing her articles was thinking only of housekeeping, in which case her conclusions are doubtless justified.

ELIZABETH CHILDE.

Washington, D. C.

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Peace Terms Are War Aims

SIR: An "early peace" would indeed be a calamity for mankind, if the Allied point of view is sound, for it would mean a "German peace."

For this reason many Americans of influence believe that we should postpone peace discussion until after the military decision. Without knowing what we are fighting for, they tell us, we are to "smash" our way through to victory, and then, if both we and the foe are still in existence, we shall be ready to think about inaugurating the millennium.

If we do indulge in peace discussion, they tell us, we shall merely hearten the enemy.

Now, of course it is important in a war like this, in which moral forces count heavily, that we shall not hearten the enemy. It is probable that very little of our peace discussion would actually hearten the enemy, especially if we combined peace discussion judiciously with huge armies and war loans. Certainly it would not dishearten us, since we, the most pacific of the great powers, are bound to feel and think peace even when our acts mean war.

But even if we grant that to some extent, however slight, we shall hearten the enemy through discussion of peace terms, it is surely clear to anyone who has not been swept off his feet by war energy or moral indignation that the

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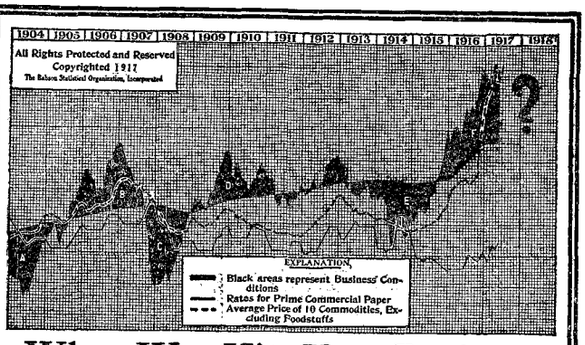
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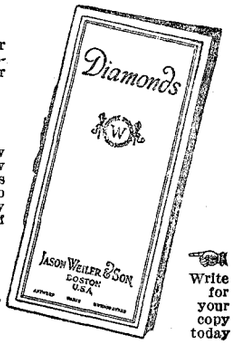

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loss would be nothing in comparison with the gain. Our aim in the war is constructive, in the interests of mankind; our aim is a great hope for humanity; our passion is the building of a durable peace. We cannot afford altogether to abandon our minds to thoughts of destruction; we must give them equally to construction. When we have swept away the old order, we must be ready to put something in its place: not merely something, but the right thing. In the past, mankind has scarcely dared to dream of the thing that we are now actually planning to build. It is an incalculably difficult undertaking that we have committed ourselves to. It will be the work of centuries. God knows, it should have begun centuries ago. It must begin now.

We do not want an early peace. We do not want to stop the war. Those whose moral fibre weakens when "peace terms" are mentioned, should accustom themselves to think about "war aims"—the same thing with a different label.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

University of North Carolina.

Liberty Bonds at Fort Sheridan

SIR: I read your paper in preference to any publication in the country. It has done more to help me in my work as Director of Morale at Fort Sheridan than any other single contribution. Sometimes, however, I wish that you were located, or had an editor, somewhere near the center of the country, as well as in New York.

There is a general conception that the Middle West is not quite as patriotic or significant as the East. That is all wrong, as I know from having lived in both places and having known the sentiments of New York and Chicago. It may be interesting, in connection with your editorial on the Plattsburg contribution to the Liberty Loan, that here at Fort Sheridan we raised $4,790,000 in three weeks for the Liberty Loan, and that we are now undertaking to raise half a million dollars to take care of our own number during the period of the war.

When you can show us anything in the East that will stack up with that, let us know, and we will say, "Give the East full credit."

MYRON E. ADAMS.

Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

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to this issue

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The New
REPUBLIC
Fall Literary Review

"With Malice Toward None"

LAST night I woke suddenly to the sound of bombardment. A great detonation tore the silence, an answering explosion shook it, then came a series of shots in diminishing intensity. My windows look out on a rank of New York skyscrapers, with a slip of sky to the south. In the ache of something not unlike fear, I thrust out my head to learn as quickly as I could what was happening. No result from the explosions was to be seen. The skyscrapers were gaunt and black, with a square of lonely light in a room or two. The sky was clean-swept and luminous, the stars unperturbed. Still the shots barked and muttered, insanely active, beyond the blank buildings, under the serene sky.

I heard hoarse cries from river-craft. Could it be on the river? Could it be gun practice, or was there really an interchange of gun-fire? A U-boat? An insurrection? At any rate, it had to be explained and my mind was singularly lively for 3 a. m.

Long after your country has gone to war, I told myself, there remains, if you have sluggish sympathies, what may fairly be called a neutrality of the imagination. You are aware that there is fighting, bloodshed, death, but you retain the air of the philosophic. You do not put yourself in the place of Americans under fire. But if this be really bombardment, shell-fire in Manhattan? I felt in an instant how Colonel Roosevelt might come to seem the supreme understander of the situation. An enemy that could reach so far and hit so hard would run a girdle of feeling from New York to the remotest fighters in Africa or Mesopotamia. To protect ourselves against the hysteria of hatred —that would always be a necessity. But I grimly remembered the phrase, "proud punctilio." I remembered the President's tender-minded words, "conduct our operations as belligerents without passion," and his pledge of sincere friendship to the German people, warfare without "the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them." Here, with the Germans' shell-fire plowing into our buildings and into our skins? Here, meeting the animosity of their guns?

Becoming awake enough to think about the war, I began to reason about this "bombardment," to move from the hypnoidal state, the Hudson Maxim-Cleveland Moffett zone. The detonations were continuing, but not at all sensationally, and soon they began to shape themselves familiarly, to sound remarkably like the round noises of trains shunting, from the New York Central, carried on clear dry November air. Soon, indeed, it became impossible to conceive that these loud reverberations from the Vanderbilt establishment had ever been so distorted by a nightmare mind as to seem gun-fire. And my breathless inspection of the innocent sky!

But that touch of panic, in the interest of our whole present patriotic cultural attitude, was not to be lost. It is the touch, confessed or unconfessed, that makes us kin. If we are to retain toward German art and literature and science an attitude of appreciation and reciprocation, without disloyalty, it must be in the presence of the idea of shell-wounds German-inflicted. Any other broadmindedness is the illusory broadmindedness of the smooth and smug. It is Pharisaical. It comes from that neutrality of the imagination which is another name for selfish detachment, the temperature of the snake.

A generation less prepared than our own for the mood of warfare it would be difficult to imagine—less prepared, that is to say, by the situation of our country or the color of our thought. To declare now that New York has made no provision for the air-traffic of the future is not to arouse any sense of delinquency. No greater sense of delinquency was aroused ten or fifteen years ago by the bass warnings of military men. It is not too much to say that Lord Roberts and Homer Lea were felt to have an ugly monomania. In that period Nicholas Murray Butler and Elihu Root and Andrew Carnegie were thinking in terms of peace palaces. Colonel Roosevelt had tiny ideas of preparedness, but he was far more busy enunciating the recall of judges—and he earned the Nobel Prize. Few men, even two years ago, believed we would be sending great armies to Europe in 1917. In the first place men like Homer Lea had said that the United States could not mobilize half a million soldiers for active service in less than three years. And in the next place we still felt pacifically. We had lived domestic life too long ever to imagine our sky black and our grass red.

Because of this mental unpreparedness for war, this calm enjoyment of an unearned increment of peace, there was never a greater dislocation of standards than our recent dislocation, and never a greater problem of readjustment. For England, at any rate, there was a closeness to the war that helped to bring about an alignment of sentiment. But here, besides the discrepancies in the entailment of services, there are enormous discrepancies in sentiment to start with, and policies still to be accepted and cemented, and European prejudices to be suppressed or reconciled. Misunderstanding, under these circumstances, is so much to be looked for, especially with impetuous patriots demanding a new password of allegiance every minute, that the wonder is not at how many outrages there are, but how few.

Most of these outrages fall outside the scope of literary discussion, naturally. "Let the sailor content himself with talking of the winds; the herd of his oxen; the soldier of his wounds; the shepherd of his flocks"; the critic of his books. But there is one kind of outrage that requires to be discussed, from the point of view of culture, if only because there is no ultimate value in any culture that has to be

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subordinated to the state. That is the outrage, provisionally so-called, of mutilating everything German; not only sequestering what may be dangerous or unfriendly and vindictive, but depriving of toleration everything that has German origin or bears a German name. The quick transformation of Bismarcks into North Atlantics, of Kaiserhofs into Café New Yorks, is too laughable to be taken seriously. The shudderings at Germantown, Pa., and Berlin, O., and Bismarck, N. D., are in the same childlike class. But it is different when an Austrian artist is not permitted to perform because, while we are not at war with Austria, she is our enemy's ally. It is different when "the music of all German composers will be swept from the programs of scheduled concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Pittsburgh. 'The Philadelphia Orchestra Association wishes to announce that it will conform with pleasure to the request of the Pittsburgh Association. The Philadelphia Orchestra Association is heartily in accord with any movement directed by patriotic motives.'" It is this sort of thing, extending intolerance to culture, that suggests we have been surprised in this whole matter of culture with our lamps untrimmed.

In a sense we, the laissez faire generation, have been unavoidably surprised—so much so that our "proud punctilio" has been jogged considerably loose. So loose, in fact, that we have given up any pretension to being so punctilious as soldiers used to be. "Where the lion's skin is too short," quotes Montaigne, "we must eke it out with a bit from that of the fox," but he himself tells of battles so little rancorous that both the hour and the place were first honorably assigned. And there is the chivalry of Richard I and Saladin, recorded by Richard's war-correspondent. "The king now sent word to Saladin and told him, in the hearing of his satraps, that he only asked a truce for three years with the intention of going back home where he could collect money and troops with which to rescue Jerusalem from Saladin's sway. To Richard's envoys Saladin made answer that his regard for King Richard's valor and nobleness of character was so great that he would rather lose the land to such a man, if lose it he must, than to any other prince he had ever seen"; and the truce was reduced to writing and confirmed by oath. It used to be possible, even for men whose hands dripped with enemy blood, to sign these magnanimous truces; but science has made another kind of warfare possible, and the civilian population of the modern state, totally involved in a catastrophe beyond all reckoning, falls from its complacency into a depth of panic and everywhere believes that the enemy is inhuman in this war.

Yet were such beliefs special to this war, hatred might well go beyond the fervor of the Inquisition, and the hope of exterminating the Germans as a people might be universally entertained. But no one who has read history to any purpose will trust too far to this particular emotionality of the hour. To say this, in the middle of a righteous war, may sound unpatriotic. But, if hatred is the test, what could be more traitorous and seditious than Lincoln's second inaugural address: "Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. . . . The prayers of both could not be answered —that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the Providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that *he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came,* shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, . . . so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations." It is, perhaps, like quoting the Lord's Prayer. And yet it is the neglected wisdom of a man who had gleaned it from long meditating fratricidal war.

But, you may say, Prussia has always been outside humanity. We are engaged in a war foreordained and necessary, a natural war. A war inescapable, yes, but not inevitable. Let the plain testimony of hundreds of books speak. Read these words of Renan in 1870, to recover for oneself an era about which too many journalists are eloquent, to find out why, for example, so many English Liberals favored Prussia in the Franco-Prussian War: "The preponderance of one European nation over the rest has, moreover, become impossible in the present state of society. The threatening intentions imprudently expressed on this side of the Rhine (and it is not the government which has been in this respect the most culpable, or the most wanting in fact) have kindled a feeling among the Germanic nations, which will subside the moment they shall be reassured with regard to the ambition they may have attributed to us. From that moment, the influence of Prussia in the Germanic body will cease,—an influence which has no other plea for its existence than the fear of France. From that moment, also, will probably cease the desire for political unity,—a desire so little in conformity with the Germanic spirit, and which has never been among the Germans anything but an impatiently tolerated defensive measure against a strongly organized neighbor."

Perhaps Renan was hoodwinked? I do not go below the surface, but it is well to have the patience, in view of our present emphasis, to see how differently things could be emphasized in older days. Take a picture painted by Cowper, the poet, in which the black heart is our very own. "The Americans, who, if they had contented themselves with a struggle for lawful liberty, would have deserved applause, seem to me to have incurred the guilt of parricide, by renouncing their parent, by making her ruin their favorite object, and by associating themselves with their worst enemy, for the accomplishment of their purpose. France, and of course Spain, have acted a treacherous, thievish part. They have stolen America from England; and whether they are able to possess themselves of that jewel or not hereafter, it was doubtless what they intended. Holland appears to me in a meaner light than any of them. . . . If perfidy, treachery, avarice, and ambition can prove their cause to have been a rotten one, those proofs are found upon them."

But, some may say, this war is not like other wars. Germany has an imperialism, young though it is, that makes its existence incompatible with our existence, that officially constitutes its culture the advance guard of imperialism. To save ourselves we must limit our ideas of free speech and tolerance and individualism. We must see treachery

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in the use of German science and sedition in its music. We must destroy Germania root and branch.

On the basis of sentiments like these, penal codes have been framed in many countries, and the essence of many creeds distilled by such efforts to crush them. But it is tonic to go to Nietzsche for a glimpse of the saving truth that there does exist a Germanism of a heterodox kind. "What a torture are books written in German to a reader who has a third ear." "Various clouds and disturbances—in short, slight attacks of stupidity—pass over the spirit of a people that suffers and *wants* to suffer from national nervous fever and political ambition; for instance, among present-day Germans there is alternately the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the anti-Polish folly, the Christian-romantic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly (just look at those poor historians, the Sybels and Treitschkes, and their closely bandaged heads), and whatever else these little obscurations of the German spirit and conscience may be called." To complete the irony of "patriotism," as conceived by the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, it is only necessary to read Nietzsche on Wagner, the forbidden composer. "It may not be underrated how indispensable Paris was to the development of his type, which the strength of his instincts made him long to visit at the most decisive time—and how the whole style of his proceedings, of his self-apostolate, could only perfect itself in the sight of the French socialistic original." Romain Rolland, not less than Nietzsche, saw in Wagner the man of '48.

To ask for such discriminations as this is, however, scarcely possible. It is too much, in the face of superstitions, anxieties and apprehensions, to expect the attitude of culture to be preserved. In peacetime we are allowed to go outside our own state to enjoy any manifestation of the seven arts; and such violent nationalism as attacked The Playboy of the Western World in New York is at once called "rowdy" and "despicable." But in time of war it is part of its morality, or immorality, that culture must be subordinate to clamor, and that even national sculpture must become jingoistic, making railsplitters neatly respectable and idealizing long feet. How far this supervision of culture goes depends only on the degree of pressure. It may go so far as to make the domination of political considerations, state considerations, paramount in everything—precisely the victory that democracy, hoping with Emerson that "we shall one day learn to supersede politics by education," has most to fear.

It is in war itself, with its enmity to so much that is free, that one must seek the opposition to enemy culture, not in the culture that is opposed. Must one, on this account, think any peace a good peace? To do so is to show an immunity from the actual which is not to be envied. It is only necessary to imagine New York bombarded, as many French and English and Belgian and Russian towns have been bombarded since the beginning of the war, to realize the rush of resistance that is born in mankind, expedient for government to recruit and to rally to the end. But for the man who has partaken of democratic culture this "end" involves democracy. All character and all spirit cannot be absorbed in the will to cure the homicidal enemy by his own poison. The only course open to the man who is still concerned for democratic culture is to remember the nobility of Lincoln's example—by concentrating on the offenses rather than the persons that cause the mighty scourge of war, to avoid the war-panic and war-hatred which will enrage our wounds.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Political Science in the Crucible

POLITICAL science in the United States has always been under bondage to the lawyers. This is partly due to the fact that they constitute our near-leisure class with time and energy to spare for politics and political speculation. It is mainly due, however, to the nature of our system of government which places constitutionality above all other earthly considerations in the discussion of public measures. In England the first question raised in Parliament during the debates on a bill is not about its constitutionality but its expediency, economy, justice, popular support. Our great debates, from the dispute over the appointing power of the president in the first Congress down through the Webster-Hayne controversy and the Lincoln-Douglas contest to the debate over the income tax in 1909, have been over points of constitutional law. The elucidation of our national issues has called for the lawyer's technology and rhetoric although they have been at bottom matters of politics and public policy. Moreover, when powerful economic groups in the country have sought to block progressive and humane legislation and logic has failed in the forum, the mysteries of constitutional law have been invoked with firm assurance. Pollick *v.* the Farmers Loan and Trust Company and Lochner *v.* New York—there they stand, not forever, but until political and social forces (not forgetting the grim reaper, Death), change the courts. The hand is subdued to the dye in which it works, so the mind of men who have speculated on political science in America is subdued to the logic and rhetoric of constitutional law.

It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that the first great university faculty in political science organized in this country, that of Columbia College, was in its origin a graft upon the law school and its first systematic publications were legalistic in character. Take for example Professor Burgess's Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law and Professor Goodnow's Comparative Administrative Law. In neither of these excellent works is there any hint of the underlying social and economic texture which conditions both the law and its administration. The development of political science in other universities has been, in the main, like that at Columbia. To the original legalistic subjects were later added Sociology, Economics, Social Economy, and Diplomacy, but each went its own way unafraid, giving little heed to the old home—the great human science—Politics, as conceived by Aristotle, Machiavelli, Harrington, John Adams and James Madison. Indeed the old roof was torn down and the many related disciplines were left without a shelter anywhere. Thus politics was taken out of political economy and "economics" (as if there could be such a thing apart from politics) became a millowners' apology, plus some rather belated moral sentiments. Sociology wandered around in the dim vastness of classified emotions, touching neither the substantial borders of the state on the one hand nor the equally tangible structures of commerce and industry on the other. Social economy became the ambulance of capitalism gathering up the wrecks of industrial anarchy and finding its hope in charity rather than sound public economy. Under these circumstances, political science continued as a science of the law and its judicial glosses, resting upon no sociological foundations, but rather hanging in the vacuum of closed legal speculation.

Against this useful, but utterly inadequate political science, there were abundant signs of revolt before the Great War broke out. In France, Duguit had given a

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mortal blow to the grand old doctrine of the indivisible, inalienable sovereignty of the mathematically reckoned people and had substituted for the state of sovereign power a state justified by its public services. In Germany, orthodox Marxism which had proclaimed the coming indivisible sovereignty of the proletariat was tottering to its fall. I read Bernstein during my wander days at Heidelberg nearly twenty years ago and lived to see him come into his own. In England, never very doctrinaire, wits like Chesterton, Belloc, and Shaw and the guild socialists had sent the Blackstone-Austinian theory of parliamentary sovereignty reeling to the ropes. In the New World many signs were on the horizon. Professor Goodnow had written his splendid book on Social Reform and the Constitution which, by the way, shut him out of the Ruggles Professorship of Constitutional Law in Columbia University and led to the appointment of a perfectly "safe" Wall Street lawyer to that honorable post. Mr. Bentley had already tolled his bell in his trenchant Process of Government. Mr. Lippman in his Preface to Politics had shot more than one barbed shaft through the academic hide. Mr. Croly had found The Promise of American Life outside of the American traditions personified in Mr. Barnes, Mr. Penrose, and Mr. Butler. Henry Jones Ford had long before jettisoned a huge cargo of American delusion in his Rise and Growth of American Politics. Representative government of the good old kind was having a sorry time of it in the United States (as Mr. Weyl demonstrated in his New Democracy) and Benoist, the French advocate of pluralism in representation was about come into his own.

To speak more concretely, there were abundant reasons for believing that the political science of constitutions, statutes, and judicial decisions—of immortal principles (namely our own)—was about to be deserted by its children and that we were ready to return to our Aristotle, to view society as a complex of many social and economic interests, and to regard the problems of political science—national and international—as problems of power, not of mere head counting or judging counting in accordance with duly constituted rules of law. Young men and old men, complacent among their law books, may have been unaware of it, but the legalistic lawyer's spiritual dominion over the American mind was broken. Law was not discarded but relegated to its proper place in the scheme of human arrangements.

Then came down the war like thunder and everybody outside of the Teutonic world began to abuse the Germans for their "materialism" as if Charles Darwin lay at rest in the great cathedral at Cologne instead of Westminster Abbey! Then we began to hear once more a vociferous clamor about democratic ideals. Those who had been least concerned about genuine popular battles in America elbowed their way to the front in shining armor to champion the "war for democracy." The echoes of the guns at Chapultepec and Spion Kop died away, amid much chatter about liberty and rights of nationalities. But in the realm of plain fact we beheld England driven to form a cabinet, not of "all talents" but of all *interests* in order that the government might be strong in administration and represent the effective sovereignties of capital, labor, shipping, transportation, and retailing. And in the United States we beheld a similar integration of power at Washington in the Council of National Defense—not so effective because the way had not been well prepared for it by political science. But still if one has doubts about the seats of sovereignty in this country, let him read the Council's roll of "servants."

As William James has pertinently said, the worlds of matter and mind have evolved together. So the streams of political fact and of political thinking have rolled over the same wheel. It is not to be doubted that political science, economics, social economy, and sociology are now in the crucible of circumstance. It is of course too soon for the war to have produced any comprehensive treatise on politics, but all about us are the materials out of which it is to be constructed. The books too numerous to mention which emphasize the place of economic rivalry in international relations will make their impress upon our thinking in diplomacy. A group of young historians in the service of the government are emphasizing the unheard-of idea that historiography is not dead but liveth. In the new writings of Commons, Hoxie, and others we have the first worthy history of labor in the United States. The economists are doing the neglected work of the historians. In Mr. George W. Perkins's writings we find an experienced business leader reading a funeral oration over the good, old individualism of our fathers for which Mr. Root thinks we are fighting! In a hundred war books and pamphlets we see microscopic analyses of racial, economic and geographic factors (honor to Ratzel) which are to be substantial elements in the coming days of reconstruction. Mr. James Mavor presents to us an economic Russia and we learn that the Great Bear lives not by non-resistance alone. Kawakami (weirdly bearing the name of "Karl" after the author of Das Kapital) reminds us that in making the world safe for democracy we cannot forget the East and the doings of England, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States there. There may be new sorrows under the light of Asia. Mr. Veblen with characteristic thoroughness applies his scalpel to the cuticle of our national vanity and then invites us to consider more truth than we can endure. Finally does anyone in his right mind and possessed of any vision suppose that women are not to emerge as political people or that having emerged they will permit men to do their thinking for them in the manner of the grand old patrons? The prophet of the smooth and easy who was unworthy to unloose anybody's shoe strings is dead. Pluralism, disconcerting and elusive, is here to remain. It is as disastrous to the system of orthodox socialism as to the system which Mr. Wickersham adores with uncritical and reverential awe. Political science is to be the greatest of all sciences. Physics and politics are to be united, but the former is to be the bondsman.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

The Universalist Fallacy

IN the latest issue of that excellent British quarterly, Science Progress, there is a strangely anachronistic eulogy of Herbert Spencer, recalling the days when John Fiske hailed the Synthetic Philosophy as the work of a greater Newton. We need not quarrel with the anonymous author for attempting to rehabilitate Spencer against the onslaughts of an irreverently skeptical generation; though his cause is little helped by sophomoric prating about "the greatest achievement of its kind to which the human mind has ever attained." The main trouble with the panegyric lies not in its exuberance of superlatives but in the prime motive for its laudatory flight. What appeals to the essayist first and foremost is that Spencer developed a "single vast generalization," a single formula of the universe. This is why, like Fiske, he couples Spencer with the author of the Principio; and it is also why he raises an *a priori* suspicion against his cause.

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Of course there is nothing intrinsically nefarious about grand attempts at generalization; but they have so persistently proved complete failures in the past that a Missourian shrug of the shoulder must greet the candidate for super-Newtonian honors. Certainly the entire trend of modern thinking is anti-universalist. This is true in logic, where Windelband and his followers imperiously demand a methodology for the historical sciences that shall be distinctive and independent of the logic of the natural sciences. It is true in philosophy, where James's example has given a new impetus to a pluralistic world-view. It is so emphatically true of the special sciences that there is something almost pathetically belated about Bergson's recent joust against a purely mechanistic interpretation of reality. The readers of Mach, Pearson, Poincaré and Ostwald hardly required a warning against mid-Victorian universalism.

Yet the old preconceptions are not dead. The notion of a hierarchy of learning and of ideas, of sciences graded one above the other, with the principles of one merged in the wider principles of another, will not down. The monistic ogre is ever casting about for new victims. Hardly is psychology wrested from the grasp of his talons when he marks for his legitimate quarry those twin sucklings, ethnology and sociology. Fortunately these infants are of Gargantuan precocity and by their lusty kicks bid fair to rout the hardened cradle-snatcher.

Metaphors aside, it is the old moot question of universalism that is stirring ethnological circles at the present day, leading one eminent student after another to issue a declaration of independence against the older and "more general" sciences of biology and psychology. No wonder ethnologists are solicitous about the sovereignty of their science, for with them it is a life and death struggle. What warrant would there be for a science of biology if the phenomena of living organisms could be directly interpreted in terms of chemical affinity? And what justification can be pleaded for ethnology if the data of culture are amenable to explanation by the laws of psychology? Accordingly we find a growing insistence on the unique character of ethnological phenomena. In his book on Kinship and Social Organization, Dr. Rivers vigorously contends that the ethnologist's task is not a reduction of social effects to mental causes but the tracing of *social* antecedents of *social* events. He has been ably seconded by a fellow-Briton, Mr. Hocart, while two doughty champions of the same viewpoint, Drs. Kroeber and Wissler, have arisen from the ranks of American workers. In a quite recent publication on Sociology and Psychology, Rivers returns to the fray and neatly turns the tables on the psychologist by arguing that it is rather sociology that can lend succor to the psychologist than vice versa.

It is not through sheer wantonness or adolescent self-assertiveness that ethnologists reject so emphatically the guardianship of their elders. They have merely discovered by sad experience that the guidance of psychology or biology, however valuable it may be for other purposes, does not help them along the paths *they* have chosen for travel. The point is really one of extraordinary simplicity. Whether the arts and industries, the customs and beliefs that constitute the subject matter of ethnology appear trivial to the biologist and psychologist or not, they exist; and as part of reality Science must somehow catalogue them and wrestle with the questions they suggest. Now either this can be done by the older sciences, in which case ethnology is superfluous, or new methods are required, in which case ethnology is indispensable. That is the essence of the moot problem in its present form.

A test case or two shows why the principles of the older sciences are inadequate. Westermarck explains the Melanesian practice of head-hunting by the psychological motive of revenge. But Rivers's analysis of the facts shows that no such motive applies. The Melanesians hunt heads because they need them for definite religious ends, and communities are attacked not for reasons of hostility but because it is safer and easier to attack them than others. Of course the religious activity that calls for human heads involves, like all human activities, mental processes. But these processes are not of the simple generalized type of those dealt with by psychology; they are deeply tinged by the social medium in which the native minds work. No abstract formulation of psychology helps us one jot in the comprehension of the Melanesian usage: the social practice of seeking heads is explicable only by an intensive study of the social conditions involved.

What applies to head-hunting holds for every other cultural manifestation. Take that ever fascinating rule of savage society by which a man and his mother-in-law are forbidden to hold converse or so much as look at each other. Surely this is a custom charged with psychological elements. But what interpretation has psychology to offer? Psychology knows of no instinct that causes a man to avoid his wife's mother, nor is such a practice a necessary corollary to the laws of the association of ideas or to Weber's rule or to Wundt's principle of apperception. If we wish for an explanation of the phenomenon, we must look in another direction: we must connect the cultural facts not with psychological facts but with other cultural facts. Psychological laws no more account for cultural phenomena than the law of gravitation accounts for evolution. In either case far more specific series of conditions must be demonstrated to satisfy our instinct of causality. It may be, indeed it always happens, as it always does happen in scientific inquiry, that we cannot push our interpretations beyond a given point. But in so far as we can give any satisfactory explanation at all it must be an explanation in cultural terms.

Taking the very usage cited, we are indeed unable to give an ultimate reason for its origin. For one thing, however, we can connect its occurrence in one place with its occurrence in another, thus tracing the history of its spread from tribe to tribe. But we can go further. Following the lead of the late illustrious dean of English-speaking anthropologists, Edward B. Tylor, we can inquire whether there is not a functional relation between mother-in-law taboo and some other social phenomenon. Tylor's statistical investigations led to the result that such a correlation did exist—that the rule of mother-in-law avoidance was connected with the custom of residence with the wife's parents: because the husband was a stranger to the inmates of the new dwelling the difference in family affiliation was expressed by mutual "cutting." It is not important for the present purpose whether Tylor's hypothesis meets all the difficulties presented by the empirical facts. What concerns us here is that it undoubtedly conforms to the type of all sound ethnological theories since it adds to our insight into cultural phenomena by coördinating one set of cultural facts with another set on the cultural level—by furnishing in other words that specific explanation which psychological principles from their very generality are precluded from supplying.

As soon as one realizes the impotence of "more generalized" accounts of cultural data, the autonomy of ethnology stands assured against the dogmatic universalism

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that lingers as a survival of an earlier intellectual epoch. It is forty years since Mach taught a generation of natural philosophers steeped in materialism that the concepts of matter and motion, while useful in mechanics, were not for that reason necessarily valid in other departments of physics, let alone in physiology or psychology. In biology, investigators, no matter how loudly they might proclaim their allegiance to materialism from the house tops, were saved by their common sense from deducing the development of an embryo from Newtonian principles. The psychologist has long ago shaken off the fetters of physiological thinking and realizes that mental processes, whether accompanied by nerve processes or not, must also be investigated apart from their material substratum. And now ethnology, like her predecessors, is claiming and gaining her rightful place in the sun, scorning to maintain a parasitic existence on other sciences, justifying her independence by the unique, irreducible character of her subject matter.

The victory is won; but the universalist monster is scotched, not killed. The cyclic history of human error discourages optimism. Another age may find its aspirations once more gratified by an all-embracing formula. But for a brief generation, at least, we may hope to breathe a purer intellectual atmosphere.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

The Literature of Politics

THE state is very near us in these days. Certainly at no time within the accepted limits of modern history has it concerned itself so closely with the lives of each one of us; nor has it ever assumed social functions so enormous in extent and purpose. Yet the study of politics is in a curiously unsatisfactory position. It is more abundant than at any previous time. There is less excuse for ignorance than in any past age. Descriptive accounts of movements, principles, institutions,—all of these we have in plenty. On any minute point of fact it is possible to send the student to at least one competent monograph. What have been left to a large extent untouched are the really fundamental issues. We have had no one, either in England or America, who during the last thirty years has attempted the work that John Stuart Mill did so admirably for the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century. We have only the faint and fitful beginnings of an adequate political psychology. The study of political philosophy has been, except for the brilliant essay of Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, very strikingly neglected. The relation between politics and economics has but very little advanced from the place where Marx left it. It is an outlook that at no precise point gives cause for satisfaction.

It is a situation, indeed, for which some obvious causes are not wanting. The general absence of interest in the processes of politics has naturally concentrated attention on specific and if possible dramatic issues. The way in which politics is taught is hardly likely to make it arresting; for it is either presented as an abstract and deductive science, or as a bewildering labyrinth of facts in which the student is almost bound to lose his way. The material itself, moreover, is far more abundant and infinitely more complex than at any previous time. This is the first age in which government has been in a genuine sense positive. Before, men were for the most part concerned with the vindication of rights; today our business is the application of what is already admitted as a just demand. The result is that the statement of political principles cannot be done, as Hobbes or Locke or Rousseau could do it, in a small book that dealt with a highly abstract society, and without regard to the categories of space and time. We have passed from political principles to administrative functions, and a new inductive philosophy is needed. But that inductive philosophy needs a knowledge more vast, and an imagination more keenly alert, than was necessary to the brilliant sciolism of the earlier thinkers. Where we have so vast a mass of tabulated knowledge, publication is like nothing so much as a leap in the dark; for at every moment some unrecorded fact or unconsulted monograph may rise up to smite and slay.

I cannot even pretend here to give a list of the recent books it is important to read. Nor can I deal with the political literature of France and Germany, where, as I think, the quality of political speculation is higher, at the moment, than in Anglo-Saxon countries. Certainly there is no one in America whose work compares with that of Duguit and Hauriou in France, or of Gierke and Eugen Ehrlich in Germany. The most fruitful of our thinkers do not, in the technical sense, study the whole range of politics at all. What rather they indicate is a method of approach, or an analysis of some selected group of facts. In either of these directions we have had much work that is simply admirable—though even here it is permissible to doubt whether we have had much that may be called permanent. If we take the first year of the twentieth century as a landmark, I should imagine that Maitland's translation of Gierke on the one hand, and Mr. Wallas's Human Nature in Politics on the other, are the two single books that have had the most striking influence. Maitland's Introduction put for the first time before the Anglo-American public the problem of corporate personality. He made it clear that the problem of the modern state is in fact only a species of a far larger genus—the implications of human association. Mr. Wallas defined with admirable sharpness the need for the study of political mechanisms in their psychological context. His clear emphasis upon the significance of psychology as a factor in political analysis gave the whole subject little less than a new orientation. I think that Mr. Wallas would himself admit that he posed a problem rather than solved it; and his later volume, The Great Society, is rather a magnificent program than its fulfilment. But those who have followed in the path of Maitland and Mr. Wallas seem, on the whole, to have the instruments most apt to achievement.

The one outstanding characteristic of recent political inquiry has been its restoration to history. We have, here, become instrumentalists, and no one can doubt the value of the change. Anyone, for instance, who compares, say, Newman's Letter to the Duke of Norfolk—the profoundest analysis of sovereignty the nineteenth century produced—with Dr. Figgis's Churches in the Modern State, or his From Gerson to Grotius, can see how the addition of historical analysis to personal belief can at every stage illuminate the path of inquiry. In a kindred field, Professor McIlwain's High Court of Parliament is a notable example of the way in which patient and laborious inquiry into the mechanisms of government can throw an intimate light upon its nature.

The description of government has made much progress. Mr. Lowell has given to England an adequate return for Lord Bryce's gift. But the latter book is already, like Tocqueville's marvelous achievement, becoming a splendid memory. In six years, it is largely obsolete, and it has had no successor; and in the light of Mr. Wallas's inquiries it

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is obvious that its successor must be very differently written. The greatest need in American government today is a book that shall do for this generation what Mr. Wilson achieved in his Congressional Government. Mr. Sidney Low has provided a sequel to Bagehot that is hardly less brilliant than its original; but Mr. Wilson has had no successor. The materials, indeed, are not wanting; and a study today could be far more graphic and far more exact than what Mr. Wilson could attempt twenty-five years ago. Nor would the modern observer make his mistake of advocating the wholesale transplantation of institutions without a minute research into their probable implications.

The main need at the moment is adequate study of the history of political ideas. Mr. Dunning's two volumes do not make pretense to be more than a university text-book; and even as that they are not adequate. To take a single example, there exists in no language a really full analysis of the political theory of the Conciliar Movement. The book is vitally needed because that movement is a turning-point in the history of the world, and also because the questions it raised are exactly those we are in this age struggling to answer. We have no history of federal government; and the volume that Dr. James Mackinnon chose to call a History of Modern Liberty would not have caused Lord Acton any vivid gratification. Certain isolated but adequate studies, indeed, we possess; and some of them, like Sir Leslie Stephen's great essay on the Utilitarians, give a model for all future inquiry. Professor Dicey has shown the contact between Law and Public Opinion in an analysis that has already been fruitful in practical results. Yet it remains true that in this branch of politics men have not repeated such gigantic labors as those of Gierke in Germany or that of Duvergier de Hauranne in France, whose book Lord Acton could without injustice call the great mine of political wisdom. Dr. Carlyle's History of Medieval Political Thought is at every stage competent and scholarly, but it is not an illuminating book in the sense that thirty years ago Dr. Poole shed light on obscure places.

Nor is the position in political philosophy more cheering. Mr. Bosanquet's Philosophical Theory of the State is, indeed, rather a brilliant feat of Hegelian dialectic than a treatise soberly grounded in the facts at issue; and no one can mistake its bias for the London Charity Organization Society. Still, in English it stands almost alone. A book like Sidgwick's Elements of Politics does not, if I may be heretical, really come to grips with the central problem of authority. It is full of wise reflection and acute comment; but it is a series of *disjecta membra,* a bundle of brilliant lecture-notes, rather than a treatise. What successors it has had are rather digests of other people's thinking than original contributions; and it is really matter for the gravest doubt whether the current text-books of political science in this country do more than provide ineffective because uncritical bibliographies.

For special problems there is much that is wholly admirable. There are few books of the kind so illuminating as Dr. Redlich's survey of English local government. Mr. Deslisle Burns has written a little book on political ideals which is a model of suggestive interpretation. In a field that is perhaps only by courtesy strict politics Mr. A. E. Zimmern has discussed the ancient world in such fashion as to make the manipulation of government in Greece almost startlingly real to us. Mr. Jethro Brown has made a valuable attempt to interpret the trend of modern legislation in a manner that conduces to its philosophical interpretation. Yet, here again, what we need is fundamental discussion. The principles of administration, the problem of sovereignty, the nature of authority—all these need discussion and clarification. It is all very well for the political reviews to tell us about the electric lighting systems of Massachusetts, or the income-tax in Nevada; but we shall never really go forward until beside the collectors of facts there stand the interpreters of facts. Mr. Justice Holmes has remarked on the American tendency to believe that all facts were born free and equal. It is in politics particularly that this leads to woful misunderstanding. And it may be added that the facts are not self-explanatory.

In the field of public law we are hardly better off. The book that shall do for the American Constitution what Professor Dicey has done for the English we do not yet possess. We have competent treatises on the literal meaning of text and statute. But philosophical interpretation is still wanting. The same is true of administrative law. Where the German can point to Meyer, the Frenchman to Hauriou and Berthelemy, we have volumes only like those of Professor Freund and President Goodnow which, admirable in their day, yet date from the time when administrative law was still a law of public officers. The history of the public departments has still to be written; though here Mr. Gaillard Hunt has made an effective beginning. We sadly need the completion of Dean Pound's great fragments on sociological jurisprudence. A history of the Fourteenth Amendment conceived as a study in institutions would be invaluable. An analysis of Congress in the manner of Paul Viollet's great survey of French institutions would be one of the most illuminating books of our time. The needs are clearly there. The material is at hand. The problem is the supply of men to use and satisfy them.

And we have no right to be optimistic about that supply. The one hopeful thing is that in no country in the world is politics so much taught as it is in America. I take that to mean that its importance is realized; but it ought to be added that rarely is it so badly taught. The ground is always covered but everywhere the emphasis is on description and not on principle. I do not mind if a student of mine is ignorant of the details of private bill procedure in the House of Commons; but I do care greatly if he cannot appreciate the nature of federal government. And the evil of the undergraduate system persists to a later stage. The embryo doctor of philosophy writes his thesis when he has taken an odd course of some thirty lectures in political theory, a course which describes the governments of half the world at a gallop, two or three special courses on American government, and a taste of that curiously popular subject called international law. When he has written his monograph, he is about as competent to deal with the real problems of government as he is to govern the Balkans; and it is sufficiently obvious that no one is competent to govern the Balkans. I do not think it is possible for us to get the books written that need to be written so long as politics is taught as we are teaching it today. There is enthusiasm and patience among the students, but they are either destroyed in the accumulation of unnecessary details, or remain undirected to the real issues at stake. With half the time and less than half the reading, in Oxford and Cambridge a work ten times far more effective is accomplished.

A last word may be added. One of the great American needs is for men who will undertake the kind of work that, in Germany, Marquardt did in one field and Dr. Gierke in another. We want the publication of texts, and journals and monographs. We want each university to build up its school of political thought, to have its experts

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who can serve governments, its effective and scholarly popularizers who can do for politics the work that Green did for English history. For, after all, the great task is the education of democracy. Nowhere in the world does the university reach down so far as in America. Nowhere else does it hold so high a place in the national life. Where it leads, the people will follow. Let it bring down politics from heaven to earth that it may be again, or, perhaps, for the first time, the treasured possession of humble men.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Our Critical Pretenses

"DO you know I never can remember whether Henry *George* or Henry *James* wrote Progress and Poverty—or which of them wrote Pride and Prejudice. Isn't it frightful of me?"

In spite of her question, my acquaintance's tone was by no means that of a humble confession of ignorance, but of arch self-complacence—the tone of one who undoubtedly felt that in her own merry, genuine way, she was too important a person to waste her powers on clear distinctions between mere ideas and their several authors.

"Why will she talk about things she doesn't know about?" said an idealistic cousin of mine, after her departure. Expecting as a constant privilege from life, certain pleasurable exemptions that it will only very rarely offer to him, he now added, "and why must she take up our time?" and he was not soothed by a candid relative who observed, "Because we cannot escape her. She is the American spirit of criticism—or at least she is a prevailing American spirit in literary criticism. She shambles forth in cosmic guise. She is the jester and the jest and she herself the text supplies. She is responsible for the national custom of public comment by literary critics on books they are too proud to understand. It is she who has caused the wide development in the United States of all those condescending camoufleurant 'literary' essays and articles and books which are able to conceal completely from the reader any genuine knowledge whatever of the books and writers of their commentary."

On thinking this over afterwards, I realized that what my candid relative had said was true. The United States has developed this art of literary camouflage by many skilful methods. There is the method characterizing a delightful "piece" by an American author about Literary France of Today. I remember only a single sentence. "I did not see George Sand's house, though I motored past it." Sometimes a mere title is enough to show in a subtle way the essayist's kindly patronizing intent of being as casual and muddled as possible about the author he discusses, as in "Browzing through the Ibsen country."

Then there is the method of literary disappointments—disappointment on the critic's part because each book of any author's is not exactly like the first one the author wrote; disappointment because he has chosen whatever subject he *has* chosen; a thousand disappointments, till at last you feel the classic weariness of Epictetus inspired by the self-satisfied Roman who was always seeking figs in winter. Thus the United States has been filled with a clamor of disappointment about the most original poetical contribution of the year, the American publication of the poems of Ralph Hodgson, "the best-beloved poet in England."

Masterpieces in the great English art of symbolical and mystical expression in rhyme, these poems are living modern instances of that profoundly charming passage in Wilde's The Critic as Artist:

"Rhyme that exquisite echo which in the Muse's hollow hill creates and answers its own voice; rhyme, which in the hands of the real artist becomes not merely a material element of material beauty, but a spiritual element of thought and passion also, waking a new mood, it may be, or stirring a fresh train of ideas, or opening by mere sweetness and suggestion of sound some golden door at which the Imagination itself had knocked in vain; rhyme which can turn man's utterance to the speech of gods"—

But of two camouflage reviews of the book I have read, one concealed behind a tirade of objection, because the poet had not adopted the principles of the Imagists, every impression of his peculiar genius; and the other painted it over with the demand that he should have written an illustrated book, and with reference to cow-boy comics.

The pages of Horace Traubel's With Walt Whitman in Camden are filled with delightful instances of the Good Gray Poet's evasions of all contemplation of the works he loves to discuss. The humorous grandeur of W. W.'s unascertained opinion on Goethe, concerning whom he speaks for pages, is inimitable:

"Goethe seemed to look upon personal development as an end in itself. . . . I do not mean Goethe was immoral, bad—only that he laid stress upon another point. Goethe was for beauty, erudition, knowledge—first of all for culture. I doubt if another imaginist of the first order in all literature, all history, so deeply put his stamp there." . . . Here W. stopped and laughed. "So you see I have an opinion while I confess I know nothing about Goethe."

That admirable essayist Mr. Randolph Bourne has recently told us that "To a younger generation, Mr. Howells and Mr. Garland seem almost like contemporaries, and their issues of a national literature which should spring out of a conscientious sectional interpretation seem faded and old. Cable, Harris, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins . . . have not had quite the staying power for a national literature. From their graceful fading, however, Mr. Garland has rescued himself."

It is not clear whether or not Mr. Bourne identifies himself with this younger generation so completely dazed by its own juvenility that it cannot quite make out the obscure literary career of Mr. Howells from the nebulous, antiquated course of Mr. Garland, and supposes A Son of the Middle Border to be a species of composite avatar of the spirits of Brer Rabbit, A New England Nun, The Queen's Twin and The Grandissimes. But what is clear—at least to a quaint, meticulous perception like mine, that Uncle Remus is not Mary E. Wilkins Freeman—is that Mr. Bourne, like my acquaintance who felt it to be a token of her elemental power that she didn't precisely distinguish between Henry George and Henry James, somehow seems to believe that the inability of the "younger generation" he describes, to discern the outlines of the fiction writers he mentions, is a proof of the clarity of the younger generation's vision.

You would almost have counted on the imaginative writer of Parent for a Day; you would almost have counted on the gifted author of The Wine of Violence and Vain Oblations, not to engage in the national industry of camouflage. Mr. Bourne's camouflage it is true is only a brief passage in an otherwise revelative and excellent interpretation. But Mrs. Gerould has a camouflage exhibit twenty-five pages long in the current Yale Review. This contains numbers of true and fascinating

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discriminations. But it is mainly concerned with her arch confusion of various contemporary English novelists of whom she has forgotten "who is who and which is which," or whose books she cannot condescend to read through, or has, with picaresque humor, "shut up sharply in the middle," or has "given up"—or has not seen though she has motored past them.

After such brilliant intellectual adventures as these, with these miserable creatures and their unregarded works, can you wonder that she observes in her large way that they—Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Gilbert Cannan, Mr. Oliver Onions and six or seven other contemporary English novelists who have annoyed her in her casual glance at them by their "sheer intellectual worrying" over various human wrongs—"have not the brains to think anything out"; and that they have "no program."

This is one of the purest specimens of camouflage we have. By the same methods you might conceal and scramble together the works of almost any two given writers. Thus you might say of Shakespeare and of Flaubert that in Measure for Measure, and in Madame Bovary they give a great deal of space to "sheer intellectual worrying" over various human wrongs; and that they too have "no program." You might echo against each of them her complaint against Mr. Galsworthy that he "does not give any suggestion as to what kind of laws to pass." You might go further and add that neither of these writers has the common practicality to invite his readers to join an organizing committee for the removal of a single one of the wrongs he describes, nor even to appoint a temporary chairman. And by thus demanding from the art of fiction the achievement belonging to the fields of political and social endeavor you could give an impression that Shakespeare and Flaubert were indistinguishable authors dipped in the same dye as the "British Novelists Limited"—"not unselfish enough to make their little salute to organized society cheerfully."

The London correspondent of a recent number of the Dial remarks severely concerning a book he has not seen as it is still in press, a forthcoming volume of poems by Thomas Hardy, that "Mr. Hardy has shown unmistakable signs of growing defter and defter in the writing of poetry, and possibly his new collection will indicate what in a younger man we should call a promising development."

Camouflage thus often covers not only the past but the future: and not only books the commentator has never read, but those he has never even had the opportunity to see.

Few authors of a good vitality will be long concealed doubtless even by the best American camouflage. The sufferers are not the authors temporarily concealed, but those wayfaring readers of criticism and lovers of entertainment who chance to be curious and interested about the contemporary truth expressed in the books of the world.

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky: the deer, to the wholesome wold." Every critic to his own range. This may be as far as you please from the explorational, the gipsy, trail of imaginative interpretation. It is very well for him to testify boldly against what he knows and dislikes; very well for him to sing a separate contributive song of his own, of no interpretative intent, and improvized upon a theme provided by the artist of his commentary. But to testify against work he doesn't know! Merely to repeat at a public entertainment his pride in the ineptitudes of his attendance—like the people who mutter to you during a symphony performance that they have to catch the 3:45, and that they can't tell one tune from another; and ought not to have taken up their time to come, and are afraid they have lost their rubbers under the seats! These and all other camouflage practices in literary comment cannot be sped too rapidly on their way to their exits, for the audience who had come to the hospitality of criticism for the enjoyment of listening to the golden, and multitudinous, fast-flying notes and cadences of

> The song of men all sorts and kinds,
> As many tempers, moods and minds
> As leaves are on a tree,
> As many faiths and castes and creeds,
> As many human bloods and breeds
> As in the world may be.

EDITH WYATT.

Art and Disreputability

THE naïve belief of the bourgeoisie in domestic decency among our creative artists received a stern rebuke in the columns of The New Republic not long ago. The writer, the painter, the musician, to succeed, we were told, must be a defiant and lonely spirit. To excuse the excesses of Byron is to fail to understand him; they were the very groundwork of his imagination. Coleridge abandoned his family and Southey sheltered them; by which we may explain the superiority of Kubla Khan over Kehama. Not only are the mighty in expression famous for their mistresses, like David and Wagner; but even among the lesser lights—let us say Stevenson and O. Henry—the lamp would have burnt dim had it not been fed with the oil of social improprieties.

It is a hard saying. Must one kiss the paint from the lips of a courtesan before he can smear it on a masterpiece? To thrill the world, must one have first answered the call of the wild passion? Must one even deny himself comradeship, lest Genius, with her hair down her back, refuse to dwell with him? Is the great refusal of the artist the refusal to be respectable?

The temptation to be historical upon this subject is great, but it must be sternly resisted. A presentation of facts in parallel columns, by which it becomes evident that Shakespeare the courtier and good businessman is hardly ranked below the wild rake Marlowe; that Fra Angelico was not by virtue of the regularity of his existence a lesser artist than Cellini; or Beethoven than Wagner; or Wordsworth than Byron; or Jane Austen than George Sand; or Jenny Lind than Grisi; could easily weary the reader's patience, but what would it prove? Tennyson liked his tea with the Queen (oh, hallelujah! kindly pass the milk!) and Tennyson certainly lacked subtlety; but Browning was the greatest diner-out in London, and it can hardly be said to have blunted his perceptions. Rossetti murdered himself with drugs; but would William Morris have been a more amazing influence upon his time if he had led a less impeccable life? Which is the more remarkable novel, Clarissa Harlowe or Tom Jones? At least it is arguable; but since the lives of which those monumental productions were each a culmination differed in passion as drab from scarlet, it is difficult to decide just what the argument would prove. There were, to approach the question from another angle, at least fifty men in England quite as evil, quite as irresponsible, as Oscar Wilde, but they left no records of any value; and as far as Wilde himself is concerned, it may be pointed out that he utterly denied his own indecency, and prided himself chiefly on being the pet of

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the London drawing-rooms. To be sure, Wilde is thoroughly second-rate, admirable only as a wit and a craftsman, not as a creator; but the upholders of the theory of seduction first generally have a little altar built to him somewhere, so it is fair to mention him.

That many men and women who have mastered expression through some medium have been, and are, aloof in spirit and disreputable in conduct, nobody would deny. That the flame which burns in the procession must be lighted behind the scenes, is likewise undeniable. In fact, it is a truism. But that either association with one's kind, or a sense of personal responsibility to society, or even a life of belief and sacrifice, will necessarily smother the torch, is a pathetic fallacy.

Pathetic because when preached, as it so often has been preached, it is calculated to do such harm. Youth, and especially fine-fibered youth, the youth of promise, the youth which anticipates, and longs to contribute to the comprehension of this amazing mess, our world, is delicately balanced between cynicism and a mysterious belief. Innumerable forces tend to tip the balance toward cynicism. The material rewards of the artist and the thinker are very small, those of the dull executive very large. The bosh which is talked by the parties in the parlors, by "the Mr. Wilkinsons, the clergymen," is undoubtedly egregious. The instinct of sex swims safely through unplumbed seas of chatter. The desire to think and act for oneself in youth is likely to be interpreted as the necessity for acting and thinking contrary to established ideals. And above all, there is so much and such obvious concealment of the truth in daily intercourse, that youth often decides upon going around and having a look at life from the back-entrance.

So, that any of us who love this youth and its possibilities should help at all to tip the scales against real sincerity and self-control is particularly undesirable. The young artist will have need of every ounce of energy and conviction that he possesses, or over he will go in spite of himself. He sees around him painters who rub raw meat on the rabbits in their hunting-pieces, that Mrs. Van Rich's poodle may smell of them and so assure a sale at a huge price. Where does he throw the blame? Not on the painter, where it belongs, but on poor Mrs. Van Rich whose crime is only that she wishes to be surrounded by the best, that she may be healed of her ignorance. He hears that our best short-story writer went to the penitentiary, and supposes it was for some defiance of the social code. Why emphasize the penance without explaining that the poor man merely got his accounts mixed, and then ran away because he was afraid to face the music? Byron, he learns, kept countesses and cobras, and became like a spirit on the face of the waters of Europe; therefore he too will become a collector, merely substituting dachshunds and dressmaker's assistants. Sex is an impulse, but marriage is a bond; therefore he will obey that impulse, but in freedom. Why not tell him that obedience to impulse ruins the control of the artist as surely as the control of that despicable worm, the critic?

There is, in this exaltation of disreputability, a grain of truth. To interpret, the artist must feel, and his feeling is often bound to conflict with convention. But what shall it profit a man if he lose his own soul, and only form the habit of eating with his knife? To rebel against convention because it is convention, to withdraw from society because it is society, to adopt the easiest way because it is easiest, does not develop the emotions, it merely withers the mind. No man can interpret who does not understand restraint, and how can a man control his expression, in any medium, who cannot control himself? The call to the disreputable is the counsel to mediocrity, the counsel to avoid, not to embrace, life. To be afraid is to be damned, for the artist and the scientist alike; to put emphasis where it does not belong is to spoil the whole tune of life; but the worst fear of all is the fear of not being understood, and the worst emphasis of all is that which is placed not upon the action but upon the shabbiness of the properties of the stage.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

From Symons to Gibson

Poems by Arthur Symons, two volumes. New York: John Lane Co. Knave of Hearts, by Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane Co. Collected Poems, by Wilfred Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ARTHUR SYMONS and Wilfred Wilson Gibson together is, confessedly, not a chemical but a mechanical combination. That each writes poetry, and that each writes poetry in English, is the one fact that makes a common denominator for the two. And yet when this has been said there remains an interest in joining the two poets whose books have come together. One represents a passing and the other a current type of English poetry. And the difference between the kind of poetry presented by Arthur Symons and the kind of poetry presented by Wilfred Wilson Gibson is the measure of a change of direction in the English poetic imagination in the past fifteen years.

As we go through the first volumes we recall the period when W. B. Yeats wrote of The Autumn of the Body, and when Arthur Symons, himself the most expressive critic of his generation—the most interesting and luminous critic of many generations—used the phrase "the escape from life." One might wonder why so many pages in Poems and The Knave of Hearts should be given to impressions in verse—At Dieppe, On the Beach, At Fontainebleau. On the Heaths, Spring Twilight, and scores and scores of such impressions. All are most efficiently rendered, and as one reads them one queries why the Imagists, if they want only to render the visible thing, should strive after a new technique. I do not know that the new verse has rendered color and movement more vividly than they are rendered here. Take the poem called Spain as an instance.

> Josepha, when you sing
> With clapping hands the sorrows of your Spain,
> And all the bright-shawled ring
> Laugh and clap hands again,
> I think how all the sorrows were in vain.
>
> The footlights flicker and spire
> In tongues of flame about your tiny feet,
> My warm-eyed Gypsy, higher,
> And in your eyes they meet
> More than their light, more than their golden heat.

Or take the vividness of figure and movement in Javanese Dancers, where the poet lets us see:

> In measure while the gnats of music whirr,
> The little amber-colored dancers move,
> Like painted idols seen to stir
> By the idolators in a magic grove.

The philosophy that made the rendering of such impressions something more than trivial expression is not regarded by the younger poets of whom Wilfred Wilson Gibson is the representative we have chosen. "The escape

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from life" was Arthur Symons's summing-up of that philosophy. Life was regarded as a succession of moments, most of them leaden, some of them golden. The escape from life felt as the leaden succession was through three activities that were themselves the shadows of the divine creative activity—love, art in its creation, and art in its contemplation. If you should ask why life should have its exaltations only in these specialized activities, W. B. Yeats in his essay, The Autumn of the Body, will tell you: Man had wooed and won the world and had fallen weary; this weariness was not for a time; it would end only with the last autumn "when the stars shall be blown away like withered leaves." The tumult of life would never be shown again in the arts. Instead of attempting to reproduce "the intense dense wood of trees," poets would, in Mallarmé's phrase, seek only to render "the horror of the forest or the silent thunder of the leaves." Poetry would be of essences separated one from another in little intense poems.

Out of such a philosophy come poems that hold an impression. We are not taking part in life, we are only living specialized moments. For the rest we are content to look out of a window. Hence the many pages of impressions that are in the poems of Arthur Symons—in the poems, too, of Oscar Wilde and Ernest Dowson.

There were exotic influences, too. Flaubert was a powerful inspiration in the eighteen nineties. Wilde took the Sphinx out of the famous dialogue in The Temptations of Saint Anthony, and Arthur Symons has taken the Chimaera out of the same. The Chimaera—the demon one must guess of strange experiences and strange adorations—has ceased to haunt the younger writers. The poem in which the Chimaera figures—a poem typical of the work of the last generation—reads curiously like a relique now:

> Chimaera, I have been among
> The loving people who yet throng
> The twilight about Tannhauser;
> And I have seen the face of her
> Whose sorrow, older than that grace
> Which in her face is Beauty's face,
> Fights in her battled soul for God.
> And the earth, knowing I have trod
> Ways not its ways, those ways not meet,
> Sets all its stones against my feet.
> Let me return, Chimaera! Still
> I seek for the accursed hill,
> The most fair gates of Hell. Some day,
> Chimaera, I shall find the way.

The Chimaera waits, perhaps, on all who will "the escape from life." It can carry one neither to Hell nor to Heaven; it can only whisper through the prison bars of life:

> O impotent voice abhorred, be dumb!
> Why is it that I cannot find
> Bounds to my ardours unconfined,
> Why, empty of sin and void of grace,
> Do I behold only my face
> In the white mirror of the world,
> Vainly, and without respite hurled
> Like the torn winds about the void;
> Why thirsting still for unenjoyed
> Delights and undiscovered springs,
> Desiring in all mortal things
> To hear and hold and taste and see
> Mortal impossibility?

This is far from being the mood of the new poetry.

If one had to define in a word the new motive that has come into English poetry one might use the word Nationalism. Arthur Symons and his contemporaries, Oscar Wilde and Ernest Dowson, had Europe for their background—the Europe in which all roads led to Paris. Then there was the British Empire as revealed by Rudyard Kipling. Afterwards came the discovery of the English folk—a discovery helped by the work of Yeats and Synge. The end of the cosmopolitan and the imperialistic eras had already been reached when J. M. Synge said of the poetry of the time, "It seems to me anonymous poetry lacking the stamp of time and place." John Masefield's Everlasting Mercy and The Widow in the Bye-Street are the outstanding successes among the poems that have come out of the discovery of English nationalism. In them a deliberate attempt is made to get the distinctive stamp of time and place.

Before Masefield's success, however, Wilfred Wilson Gibson had written about the English folk in his Stonefolds, his Daily Bread, his Fires. Wilfred Wilson Gibson is an idyllic and descriptive poet who presents himself to us as a realist and a dramatist. Half of the poems in the large volume which represents his collected work are in the form of dramatic dialogue. Nine-tenths of the poems have to do with people whose occupations suggest a realistic approach—shepherds, fishers, miners, printers, firemen, journeymen. And yet when one reads the volume with attention one perceives that the typical poem is the narrative that has to do with ancient Babylon—the early poem that is published first in the present volume, Akra the Slave.

This is not to say that Akra the Slave is Mr. Gibson's best achievement or his most adequate expression. But it is typical because it shows to the full his characteristic equipment—his descriptive power, his feeling for romantic situation, his overlooking of a definite psychology. The whole of Akra the Slave is idyllic. The captive sees and loves the queen, keeps the image of her wonderful beauty in his mind as the exultant thought of his captivity, and is slain in the end because he has looked upon her beauty naked in the garden. The motive of Akra the Slave is repeated in the more mature, more complete later poem, Hoops. The hero of this poem in dialogue, Gentleman John, is a captive too—captive to his own ugliness and his own deformity. The adoration for the beauty of the queen that Akra the Slave had has become an adoration for beauty generalized. Gentleman John is held as slave to the camel because he has once seen in the circus-tent:

> I heard a rustle in the hay beside me;
> And opening sleepy eyes, scarce marvelling,
> I saw her, standing naked in the lamplight,
> Beneath the huge tent's cavernous canopy,
> Against the throng of elephants and camels
> That champed unwondering in the golden dusk,
> Moon-white Diana, mettled Artemis—
> Her body, quick and tense as her own bow-string—
> Her spirit, an arrow barbed and strung for flight—
> White snow-flakes melting on her night-black hair,
> And on her glistening breasts and supple thighs:
> Her red lips parted, her keen eyes alive
> With fierce, far-ranging hungers of the chase
> Over the hills of morn.

There are deaths and disablements and partings in most of the stories that Wilfred Wilson Gibson give us in narrative form and in dramatic dialogue. But in spite of such

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dooms one does not think of the stories as tragedies. They are idylls. What comes to us out of them is a feeling of tenderness, a sense of surroundings that awaken our sympathies. A driver lies pinned beneath his wain and the tide draws near to drown him; an escaped convict is shot down on a hillside amongst the gorse; a lawyer discovers that a loved brother has committed embezzlement. What comes close to us are the memories and phantasies that rise up in the minds of the stricken men.

Down, ever down, a hundred years he sank
Through cold green death, ten thousand fathom deep.
His fiery lips deep draughts of cold sea drank
That filled his body with strange icy sleep,
Until he felt no longer that numb ache,
The dead weight lifted from his legs at last:
And yet he gazed with wondering eyes awake
Up the green glassy gloom through which he passed:
And saw, far overhead, the keels of ships
Grow smaller and smaller, dwindling out of sight;
And watched the bubbles rising from his lips;
And silver salmon swimming in green night;
And queer, big, golden bream with scarlet fins
And emerald eyes and fiery flashing tails.

. . . . . .

Then suddenly the sun-enkindled fire
Of gorse upon the moor-top caught his eye;
And that gold glow held all his heart's desire,
As, like a witless, flame-bewildered fly,
He blundered towards the league-wide yellow blaze,
And tumbled headlong on the spikes of bloom;
And rising, bruised and bleeding and adaze,
Struggled through clutching spines: the dense sweet fume
Of nutty, acrid scent like poison stealing
Through his hot blood: the bristling yellow glare
Spiking his eyes with fire, till he went reeling,
Stifling and blinded, on.

. . . . . .

And they were boys together
Rambling the hills of home that April day,
Stumbling and plunging knee-deep through the heather
Towards Hallypike, the little lough that lay
Glancing and gleaming in the sun, to search
For eggs of inland-breeding gulls. He heard
The curlews piping; saw a black-cock perch
Upon a dyke hard-by—a lordly bird
With queer curled tail. And soon they reached the edge—
The quaggy edge of Hallypike. And then
The gulls rose at them screaming from the sedge
With flapping wings. And for a while like men
They stood their ground among the quaking moss,
Until half-blinded by the dazzling white
Of interweaving wings, and at a loss
Which way to turn, they only thought of flight
From those fierce beaks and hungry eyes.

It is the thing that is always the major subject in Wilfred Wilson Gibson's poems. And it need not always be the thing seen by a human being. The Ice-Cart and Mabel are two of the best poems in the collection, and these give us the world as seen by a herd of seals and by a goat.

Wilfred Wilson Gibson gets into these idylls the kindliness of the English folk. Through his work we see England, not as a great imperial system, but as a not too prosperous nationality where a laborious, poorly rewarded folk love their soil and love their kind. Many of them belong to cities—they are firemen, salesmen, machinists, but their thoughts easily go back to the kindly countryside with its warm old houses and its often-tilled fields and its waste-places with their historic names; they can think tragically about a broken elm and romantically about the sun setting upon a moor. For all their tragic or pathetic fates these men and women seem often to be only a chorus speaking for well-loved places.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Chekov

The Duel; The Party; The Lady with the Dog; The Darling, by Chekov. Translated by Constance Garnett. Macmillan Co., $1.50 per volume. The House with the Mezzanine, by Chekov. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Gilbert Cannan. Scribners, $1.35.

WHY is it once you have tasted Chekov, your thirst for him will not be assuaged so long as there remain unread books of his available in English—whether in excellent English, like the translation of Constance Garnett, or in the readable, if occasionally myopic English of Koteliansky and Gilbert Cannan? While the war was young and we expected Russia, vast, despotic, holy Russia, to win victory for the nations that held our moral allegiance, we read Russian books out of duty. We wanted to know Russian life, to be assured that what would be found on scratching a Russian was not a Tartar, but warm human blood, that might safely be transfused with our own. Travelers had told us of the splendors and the decadence of the Russian great world, but in our democratic hearts we knew that nowhere is the great world other than insignificant. Other travelers had pictured the fatalistic apathy, the drunken squalor of the exploited peasantry, but generations of experience with the progress of squalid immigrants into conventional Americanism had taught us that the misery a traveler reports is inevitably a slander upon the national character. So we turned eagerly to the Russian fiction writers, to find out what the Russian soul and Russian life appear like in Russian eyes. And now that the first flush of our enthusiasm is over, we admit to ourselves that we heard many dishonest or incompetent witnesses, who left us more in the dark about Russia than we should have been if we had remained in our primal ignorance.

Chekov is not one of the false witnesses. The veracity of his work is self-evident. He is telling the truth exactly as he sees it, and he is one of the closest and most accurate observers that ever wrote fiction. When he depicts a scoundrel, he does not mix even a grain of his own dislike with his colors. In life every scoundrel has something of a case for himself, and Chekov refuses to rob the scoundrels of his invention of their natural excuse for living. When he depicts an honest man or a virtuous woman he never presumes to heighten the colors of life. Character drawing is the only test of an artist's fidelity to truth available to foreign readers. Chekov meets this test; hence we have every reason for accepting as undistorted his general pictures of Russian life.

If we really wish to understand Russia, we have much to learn from Chekov. Read The Party and you will know at least something of the life of the intelligent upper classes of the provinces; read My Life (The House with the Mezzanine) and you will better understand the possibilities of provincial decay. The Duel is as illuminating as to Russian life exiled to the Caucasus as was Kipling's Plain

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Tales as to British life exiled to India. Through Chekov you may make acquaintance with hosts of the servants of the bureaucracy, with merchants and professional men and artists, with factory folk and with peasants, sodden with drink, fawning, greedy, but sound at heart. Chekov is concerned mainly with middle class and aristocratic life, fundamentally in a false position among the benighted and exploited millions. Inevitably there is much that is pathological in life thus artificially limited, much that is corrupt and more that is futile. The effect is sometimes depressing, but no intelligent reader would wish it relieved. Chekov gives us nothing that we do not need to know, if we wish to understand Russia.

But does anyone really wish to understand Russia, at the expense of reading volume after volume of minute sketches of Russian life? It is not sentimental or scientific interest in a foreign country that leads one on through Chekov's tales, certainly not after one has become used to the Russian names and the alien landscapes. Not Russian life, but human life, commands the reader's interest. These characters of Chekov have economic conditions to meet, conventions to observe, that differ from our conditions and conventions. They are nevertheless the kind of people we are ourselves.

There is a type of reader for whom fiction is a substitute for life, not merely an additional means to its understanding. For readers of this type fiction must be exciting, bright, "wholesome." What they really want is material for the daydreams with which they fill out empty days and months and years. These are the voracious readers of fiction in America. Is it any wonder that writers and publishers should cater to their demands? And with the prevailing literature adjusted in quality and strength to a demand of this kind, is it any wonder that men and women who are not lying intellectually and emotionally fallow, should read little fiction except in their rare periods of ennui, on railway journeys or in summer hotels?

It may be no wonder, but it is a great pity. Perhaps it has much more to do than we commonly think with the notorious disproportion between the sureness and soundness of the active American's judgment on business or professional affairs, and his immaturity and bias on all that pertains to personal relations. His personal world is artificially simplified, like the world represented in the literature he enjoyed before he ceased to read at all. A few primary impulses, a few type characters, manipulated to an end foreseeable, morally satisfying and permanent, such appears to him the world of romance, in contrast with which the life of active struggle in business is infinitely interesting. Because of this condition of arrested development in all that pertains to human relations, the American of practical ability is likely to prove one of the worst counsellors in the world when a situation arises that is incapable of resolution into matters of simple right or wrong. He is likely to prove almost Prussian in his incapacity to pass in imagination the bounds of class or race and to perceive the motives that animate the opposition he arouses. To be efficient not only in routine affairs, but in the whole of life, he needs to study character, not in the elementary school of the sweet, optimistic writer for boys and girls, but in the school of writers whose direct appeal is to men and women of maturity of mind. Among these writers there are few to match Chekov. And once he becomes generally known we shall hear more of the inquiry: Why must we go to Russia for stories worth the time and concentrated attention of those who find real life full of interest and success?

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Fiction and Drama

Running Free, by James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

THE author is unhappy in the choice of the first story to appear in this book. It is so disappointing and so weak in contrast to his usual stories that one begins the second prepared for a further disappointment. But Mr. Connolly is at home in the succeeding stories. They are strong, and the sharp tang and clean breath of the sea are beside the reader till the book is finished. Perhaps Seabirds contains more real character than the others, but One Wireless Night is the story of the book. The Medicine Ship is racy of the Ancient Mariner's yarns.

The Green Jacket, by Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

THE Green Jacket is a detective story, but instead of a finger-print and footstep sleuth there is Millicent Newberry, a subdued lady in gray, knitting a green jacket. As her amber needles purl stitches she observes her clients, soon knits herself into their confidence and succeeds, of course, where old professionals fail. She distinguishes herself from these professionals by giving the discovered criminals a chance to reform before turning them over to an unpsychological prison system. Beyond this touch, however, and a certain charm of style, The Green Jacket is simply the ordinary detective story feminized.

Ladies Must Live, by Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Company. $1.25.

LADIES Must Live is a far from plausible romance, but iridescent with the wit natural to the author. Two ladies of the Social Register seek to capture the same man, "six feet of splendid masculinity," gilt masculinity, for he is rich enough to warrant a long and tortuous chase. He wriggles out of the situation only by way of deliberately losing his money, and then all is brought to a sweet ending when the once frivolous heroine comes to his Brooklyn flat, declaring that she loves him for himself alone and proving it by cooking his supper.

The Coming, by J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

"NOTHING is but thinking makes it so." This and the brotherhood of man are the two ideas upon which The Coming is built. The promised second coming of Christ is used to introduce the sweetly gentle and lovable John Smith. A mind above the understanding of ordinary men, a love of humanity that deemed it no crime to pray for Germany: these are made the occasion of his being incarcerated in a mental sanitarium. Though poor, and, like the prototype, a humble carpenter, he is detained there instead of at the County Lunatic Asylum through the good offices and love and belief of Gervase Brandon. Gervase Brandon is a village squire. Although fighting was hateful to him, he had entered the army at the outbreak of the war and had been incapacitated during his service at Gallipoli. And in return it was to him that John Smith first manifested

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TRENCH AFFINITIES

WAR makes strange bed fellows, but it would keep a Grand Rapids furniture factory working overtime to make beds for the unmatched palships this war has developed.

Booky was a mild-voiced, diminutive little runt—no one could ever understand how he got by with his physique—with a thoughtful face, going fifty-fifty on everything with his pal, Hank, a strapping whale of a man with a baseball vocabulary that would have made George Ade turn green with envy.

Certainly the mud of the trenches has grown some queer affinities but to all outward appearances the iron cross for queerness goes to Booky and Hank. So far as an outsider could discover, in every particular they were as far apart as the poles. Booky's constant lament was the absence of a Carnegie Library back of the trenches; he loved books and he actually suffered for the the want of them. Except as missiles, Hank had no use for them—sporting papers, yes. They had the real stuff in them and he understood and appreciated every word he read in them. He did his best to get Booky enthusiastic over the World Series' articles and the lives of famous pugilists; but to put it his way, "there was nothing doing."

Things had been going on this way for some time when one day there arrived in the trenches a number of magazines that the home folks had sent to the boys after they finished reading them. In an idle moment, Hank took up one which happened to be a copy of the NEW REPUBLIC, and believing it was a story about the mix-up in Russia, Hank started in to give it the once-over. Before he quite realized what he had tackled, his eye rested on an advertisement of "The Modern Library of the World's Best Books," hand-bound in limp croftleather at 60c a volume.

Little did Hank dream how Booky's mouth would water at the titles this library offered. The fact that it included some of the best modern books by English, Irish, French, Russian, German and American authors, their stories, their plays, and their poems, meant nothing to Hank's baseball soul. The introductions by Lafcadio Hearn, Padraic Colum, H. L. Mencken, Alexander Harvey, Joyce Kilmer were of no importance whatsoever to him, but 60c a volume bound in limp croftleather, even to his untutored soul meant a bargain. So he took the ad to Booky and in a truly characteristic way said, "Say, Booky, here is something that might interest you a bit—I do not know anything about the innards, but the description of the outside at 60c per, would send a bargain-hunting woman out in the rain with her new Easter bonnet."

Booky took the ad and in an instant his eyes began to sparkle with interest. Here was a list of his favorite authors in a convenient-to-get, and a convenient-to-read edition. Life began to mean something to him, and Hank observing his pal's mood also began to enthuse. "Some ad, ain't it?" he said to Booky. "Kind of makes you forget you are back-stopping for the Busy Berthas. I suppose you'll order the whole bunch sent in one shipment, and cross your fingers on the submarines until they arrive."

"Hank, my boy," said Booky, "for once in your young literary life you are right. They've got here the books I've always wanted to read. There's Nietzsche's 'Thus Spake Zarathustra,' the philosophy that put the pep into 'Schrecklichkeit.' Every time a Boche throws a hand grenade over the trenches his inspiration can be traced to that book. Of course you don't know that one of the greatest living English authors has called Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" the greatest novel of the 20th Century. But there's a book here that will get even you. H. G. Wells' "War in the Air" is the most thrilling imaginative story of war in modern times, and is full of prophetic suggestions of things that are actually happening on the battlefield today. Then there's a collection of the best Russian short stories all in one volume. Don't the events now taking place in Russia make you feel that you ought to know more about this wonderful people? This list has surely got me. If there was any question in my mind this quotation from Clifford Smyth, literary editor of the New York *Times,* would settle all doubts. He says, 'If real merit in typography, binding, convenience, and best of all, subject matter, counts for anything these books are certainly deserving of a fine measure of success. They fill a need that is not quite covered, so far as I have observed, by any other publication in the field just now.' Here goes my order for the whole shebang and if the submarines get in the way, I'll show some Germans what real *Schrecklichkeit* means."

This is the list nat Booky ordered:

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

Oscar Wilde.....Dorian Gray
Strindberg .....Married
Kipling.....Soldiers Three
Stevenson.....Treasure Island
H. G. Wells.....The War in the Air
Henrik Ibsen.....Plays: *A Doll's House, Ghosts, An Enemy of the People*
Anatole France.....The Red Lily
De Maupassant.....Mademoiselle Fifi
Nietzsche.....Thus Spake Zarathustra
Dostoyevsky.....Poor People
Maeterlinck.....A Miracle of St. Antony
Schopenhauer.....Studies in Pessimism
Samuel Butler.....The Way of All Flesh
George Meredith.....Diana of the Crossways
G. B. Shaw.....An Unsocial Socialist
Geo. Moore.....Confessions of a Young Man
Thomas Hardy.....The Mayor of Casterbridge
Thos. Seltzer.....Best Russian Short Stories

JUST PUBLISHED

Oscar Wilde.....Poems
Nietzsche.....Beyond Good and Evil
Turgenev.....Fathers and Sons
Anatole France.....The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard
Swinburne .....Poems
Wm. Dean Howells.....A Hazard of New Fortunes
W. S. Gilbert.....The Mikado and Other Plays
H. G. Wells.....Ann Veronica
Gustave Flaubert.....Madame Bovary
James Stephens.....Mary, Mary
Anton Chekhov.....Rothschild's Fiddle, etc.
Arthur Schnitzler.....Anatol and Other Plays
Sudermann.....Dame Care
Lord Dunsany.....A Dreamer's Tales
G. K. Chesterton.....The Man Who Was Thursday
Henrik Ibsen..Plays: *Hedda Gabler, Pillars of Society, The Master Builder*
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himself by lifting the paralysis from his limbs. The irritating self-sufficient complacency of those who demand that all see eye to eye with them is persistently presented in the person of the village minister.

"William, By the Grace of God," by Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

LEST the title should arouse false expectations of Hohenzollern biography, the publisher takes the early occasion of the wrapper to explain that this anointed William is the Prince of Orange, also called William the Silent, who gave his life to the founding of the Dutch Republic. It is the record of his undiscouraged struggle against the fanatic dominion and serpentine tactics of Philip of Spain. Those were sombre times, even compared with these, and the story of them is well told, if a little aridly. One cannot quite escape the feeling that the brave William, the cunning Philip, have been taken out of archives, dusted off, and dressed up into fiction, the former in white, the latter in black. But aside from this common failing of historical novels, William, By the Grace of God is a book of more than average veracity and vividness.

The Innocents, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

AFTER The Trail of the Hawk and The Job it is not easy to think of Mr. Lewis as a romancer, even if it is wholly in the modern tradition of authorship for the professional realist to have his humorous or sentimental outings. Mr. Wells makes them so engaging that many prefer him at play. Mr. Bennett has a frankly good time at it. So Mr. Lewis is hardly forswearing the models he professes to admire in this preposterous but rather amusing story of an old couple who go grandly forth upon the high road of New Jersey seeking adventure and fortune, like the picaresque wanderers of old. It is frankly a *jeu d'esprit,* but unlike many others not so felicitous the fun seldom flags. Not merely perverse literary courage made Mr. Lewis select a couple over sixty years for his romance.

Anne Pedersdotter, a drama in four acts, by H. Weir-Jennsen. English version by John Masefield. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00.

IN Anne Pedersdotter the simplicity and directness of the language is at variance with the morbidity which calls for the solemn tolling of church bells in at least five of the scenes. The play, the scenes of which are laid in Bergen, in the sixteenth century, deals with a case of witchcraft. An old husband, a young son, and a younger wife are the principal characters. That knowledge is power, and that power always begets a desire to use it, is well shown in the scene where Anne learns that her mother had confessed to being a witch. Youth had drawn towards youth. Anne loves and desires the son and wishes the death of her husband. The fearful joy and the allurement of dealing with unknown elements, and the tragedy that follows upon the use of them by Anne, calls for tremendous dramatic power in the person who attempts to create the part of Anne. It is a drama of great possibilities; but the tragic, unexpected climax will prevent it from ever becoming popular and makes it a play to be read rather than acted.

The War

The American League to Enforce Peace, by C. R. Ashbee. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 2/6.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Ashbee wrote this book before our entrance into the war he envisaged three possibilities for America: isolation, an exclusive two-nation league with England, or, finally, internationalism of the kind expressed by the League to Enforce Peace. This League, he believes, can have no ethical and certainly no practical validity unless it stresses the word "enforce." But this means sharing in the actual responsibility of keeping the world's peace. We have now assumed that responsibility, and one hopes that Mr. Ashbee's sanguine prophecies as to what would result may be justified by the facts. He hints that England may be willing to relinquish her dominant navalism in return for American guaranties, just as Germany will be willing—or be forced—to relinquish her dominant militarism under the same protection. If Mr. Ashbee does not later prove a true prophet, he has at any rate written a stimulating and incisive analysis of recent American public opinion towards international problems.

The German Terror in Belgium: An Historical Record, by Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: George H. Doran & Co. $1.00.

MR. TOYNBEE'S little book is exactly what it purports to be, an historical record. All the recognized sources are used as data for the compilation, and no "fact" is reported without abundant reference and counter-reference. The sources include among others the Bryce report, the appendices to the German White Book, the reports of the Belgian and French commissions, Massart's Belgians Under the German Eagle, Paul Hocker's *An der Spitze Meiner Kompagnie,* etc. Mr. Toynbee assesses the conflicting evidence with notable fairness, so that the record is free of any of the hysteria of the "eye-witness" stamp of excited journalist. Even so, the record is not one which the most ingenious German apologists will ever be able wholly to explain away.

War-Time Speeches, by Lieut.-Gen. J. C. Smuts. New York: George H. Doran Co. 75 cents.

AS a former antagonist of those who are now his comrades in arms, General Smuts can criticize the British Commonwealth—as he calls it in preference to Empire—with something of detachment. He wants to establish relations between South Africa and the Mother Country more like the relations between England and Scotland than England and—well, Ireland. Throughout his speeches he stresses the fact that Great Britain is a congeries of separate nations. He says the Federal principle, as elaborated by us for instance, cannot work. Liberty and complete local sovereignty can alone hold the Commonwealth together. Imperial Conferences for foreign affairs, of an advisory order and preferably continuous, will bind each part of the Commonwealth to every other part in a net light as air legally, constitutionally, yet tenacious as steel in actual practice. The tone of the speeches is admirably fair. One searches in vain for a German military leader with the intellectual and democratic temper to match it.

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A History of the Great War, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Volume II. The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1915. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

"WE have driven the great German Army under ground," said Lloyd George in one of his recent more optimistic speeches, but 1915 was not the year in which it was done. Sir Conan Doyle describes the period covered by his second volume as "the year of equilibrium," just as he had described the period covered by his first volume as "the year of defence." The author does not pretend for a moment that his description is other than a ghastly military euphemism for such bloody struggles as the Second Battle of Ypres—with its introduction of poison gas—Neuve Chapelle, Festubert and the Battle of Loos. Probably the individual English soldier in the trenches never suffered so severely as during this discouraging year of no stimulating gains and no hopeless losses. Sir Conan Doyle was allowed access to military files and is able to single out the individual commands that took part in specific actions. It is somewhat of a pity that more illuminating maps have not been provided for an otherwise important and notable historical volume.

The War and the Spirit of Youth, by Maurice Barrès, Anne C. E. Allinson and Sir Francis Younghusband. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00.

M. BARRÈS tactfully allows the letters of young French soldiers to reveal of themselves the permanent spiritual values which, so it seemed to these boys, made their sacrifices just. Even the cynic will read with humility the searchings of these bewildered youthful minds for a compensation wherewith to atone for the bitterness and stupidity of young life being quenched at its source. Their accent is dignified and serene, when finally reconciliation takes place between desire for life and willingness to die. Mrs. Allinson contributes an able paper wherein she explains the meaning of these deaths as a necessary revelation to the old of the scorn for the mere flesh by the young. It is only on reading the conventional and weak deistic apologia of Sir Francis Younghusband that the question of the value of such waste of human happiness for mechanical political ends rises again with unescapable directness.

Other Books

Interpreters and Interpretations, by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

MR. VAN VECHTEN'S gossip about the musical world is pleasantly flavored and is based evidently on an industrious acquaintance with celebrated personalities and their works. The "interpreters" for whom he expresses his almost unrestrained admiration are Fremstad, Farrar, Garden, Chaliapine, Mazarin, Yvette Guilbert and Nijinsky. He introduces to us an esoteric French composer named Erik Satie, with a heavy background of French decadence. Mr. Van Vechten's most pronounced opinions seem to be on the favorable arena which the "movies" offer for good symphonic programs, and on the duty of the American composer to build his art on the indigenous raciness of Irving Berlin rather than on the classic forms. He is no more explicit than the other critics, however, as to how the composer is to use this material. He discourses learnedly on the records of musical fiction and concludes with an analysis of the different types of critics. This kind of discussion too frequently becomes a mere monologic running over of data. The proportion between scholarship and thought is not maintained. In the present book there might be more of the latter commodity.

New York as an Eighteenth Century Municipality, by Arthur Everett Peterson and George William Edwards. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.00.

IF it is well for the office boy turned bank president to remember his obscure beginnings, so it may be well for a community. New York is reminded in these two monographs that once "ye cytie" found it necessary to proclaim that "every seaventh house in the darke time of the moon should cause a lanthorne and candle to be hung out on a pole every night." One reads of a municipal budget of $3,000 and a police department of eight men, not to mention a fire department whose members were called "chimney sweeps" by a certain Madaleen Dirckx. All the germs of municipal institutions are here competently examined and arranged, with not a little spice of humor in the selection of quotations.

Vagabonding Down the Andes, by Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Co. $4.00.

THIS book is the outcome of four years' wanderings by Mr. Franck through most of South America. "Wanderings" is to be taken literally. Mr. Franck went on foot, partly because he has the earth philosophy which believes walking, with its physical fatigue and glows, discomforts and triumphs, the only really satisfactory method of traveling, and partly because to explore more pretentiously makes the foreigner declassé with the Indian or half-Indian natives, who constitute nine-tenths of the population. An outsider Mr. Franck certainly was not. He shared their hovels, spoke their language, ate their germ-heavy food, shrank not from their dirt. Nor from the beauty either, for South America is often a land where "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Yet it would be a singularly unimaginative person who could not feel something like affection for these squalid and ignorant, exploited and poverty-stricken peoples, caught in an environment of ancient civilization, natural charm, and slovenly capitalistic semi-modernism, after Mr. Franck's intimate and homely description of them. The book makes a fine antidote to the top-hat, frock-coat style of grandiloquence about South America, favored by chambers of commerce and explorers who keep within a five minutes' radius of the best hotels in Buenos Aires, Valparaiso and Rio de Janeiro.

Militarism, by Karl Liebknecht. New York: B. W. Huebsch, $1.00.

TO read Herr Liebknecht's sharp criticisms of the Pinkerton detectives in the United States as a typical international example of internal militarism against labor is a quick reminder of the age of this book. It is almost eleven years old now, and its value as a sociological analysis—never great—has been overshadowed by its value as an historical document. Its rigid Hegelian logic and stiff class-struggle philosophy seem archaic. Yet it told unpalatable and simple truths, it revealed many of the ugly economic leading-strings of militarism, it "showed up"

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